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FAST TRAINS,
THROUGH CARS,
PERFECT SERVICE,
TO THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS.

FOUR TRAINS PER DAY.
INCLUDING THE
FAMOUS EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.



From a Photograph by A. P. Yates, Syracuse, N. Y. Taken when the train was running 60 miles an hour.

FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD. ONLY 9½ HOURS TO CLAYTON.
BY
AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORT ROUTE,
THE
**NEW YORK CENTRAL &
HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**

Magnificent Wagner Buffet Drawing-Room Cars on day trains, and Standard Buffet Sleeping Cars on night trains.

Enclose two 2c. stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York, for a copy of one of the "FOUR-TRACK SERIES," descriptive of "Saratoga," "Lake George," "Lake Champlain," "Niagara Falls," "Adirondack Mountains," "Thousand Islands," "Lakes of Central New York," "Catskill Mountains," etc., etc.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. CO., LESSEE.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY

—AND—

Favorite Route for Fashionable Pleasure Travel.

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL ROUTE TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS,

"The loveliest River Resort in the World."

The R. W. & O. R.R. is leased in perpetuity to the New York Central & Hudson River R. R. The lessee Company has expended more than one million dollars in permanent improvements and betterments, relaying the railway of the Eastern Division with the heaviest steel rails used north of the trunk lines; renewing and reballasting the road-bed, increasing the number of ties per mile, replacing the bridges with heavier new ones of steel and iron, and making various other improvements on the R. W. & O. system. Standard locomotives, capable of hauling the heaviest passenger trains at high speed, have been added to the motive power, and sumptuous new coaches to the passenger equipment.

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS to and from the THOUSAND ISLANDS, stopping only at principal cities, and making the following very fast time:

NEW YORK, 8 hours; ALBANY, 5 hours; UTICA, 3 hours; NIAGARA FALLS, 8½ hours; BUFFALO, 8 hours; ROCHESTER, 6½ hours; SYRACUSE, 3½ hours; connecting with the fast Express and Limited trains to and from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Toledo, Pittsburg, Cleveland and the West; also with Boston and New England points.

Thirteen Express trains, week-days, and five Express trains, Sundays, run in and out of Clayton (Thousand Islands). Fast trains run to and from the West expressly to avoid the slow lake trip, with its many discomforts, and to enable tourists and pleasure-seekers to enjoy among the Thousand Islands the time thus gained (from 4 to 12 hours), which otherwise would be consumed in an uncertain and uninteresting lake passage.

WAGNER VESTIBULE, NEWEST BUFFET SLEEPING AND DRAWING-ROOM CARS on all through trains.

All trains connect at Clayton with Thousand Island Steamboat Co. for all places in the Thousand Island region. Connection is also made at Clayton with the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. steamers for Montreal, Quebec, the River Saguenay, etc., passing all of the Thousand Islands and Rapids of the River St. Lawrence by daylight.

The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R. is the GREAT TOURIST ROUTE to all places on the St. Lawrence River, all Canadian Resorts, the Adirondack Mountains, Green Mountains, White Mountains and Sea Coast Resorts.

Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars run by this route between Chicago and Portland, Me., passing through the celebrated White Mountain Notch by daylight, and stopping directly in front of the principal hotels in the White Mountain region.

Send ten cents postage for the illustrated book "ROUTES AND RATES FOR SUMMER TOURS," with 230 pages, 150 fine illustrations, 11 valuable maps,—the best book given away.

THEO. BUTTERFIELD, *Genl. Pass. Agt.,*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Estes' Standard Guide

TO THE

THOUSAND ISLANDS

AND

Voyage down the Rapids to Montreal, Quebec, Lake St. John
and the Saguenay River.



WITH FISHING AND EXCURSION MAPS AND COTTAGE
DIRECTORY.

Written and Illustrated by FRANK H. TAYLOR.

Published by E. W. ESTES,
Clayton, Round Island and Alexandria Bay.

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FROM A PAINTING BY HENRI J. HALL



HER FIRST CATCH.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

"An idle sort of place, where all day long
It seems like evening with the day's work done,
Where men haste not, because there is no haste,
And toil but little, for they've little need :
A restful corner, where the August breeze,
From softly listening, finger on the lip,
At length from listlessness falls fast asleep,
Till there is no sound heard save, now and then,
The whet of scythe and heavy hoist of sail,
The dip of unseen oars, monotonous,
And softly breathing waves that doze below,
Too weak to more than turn themselves, complain,
And doze again."

THE St. Lawrence River is the volume of the overflow of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario, together with that of all their bays and tributary rivers. Its course is in a general northeastern direction.

From the point of its *débouchure* from Lake Ontario to the crossing of the forty-fifth parallel at Cornwall, it forms the boundary line between New York State and the Province of Ontario, Canada, a distance of eighty-five miles. For a further distance of a trifle more than four hundred miles it leads through the Canadian Provinces of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. The final two hundred miles, or nearly all of that portion below the City of Quebec, is practically a vast sound, varying in width from six or eight to thirty miles.

The St. Lawrence River presents some features which are unique. Being the outflow of the great inland seas, its water is always perfectly pure. It is never subject to floods. Its attractions as a resort for angling and fishing with the spoon are now efficiently protected by law, while the extent of Lake Ontario, and the efforts of the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association, give assurance that the supply of game fish will not be appreciably diminished in coming years. The prevailing winds during the summer season sweep down upon the Islands purified by their passage over the resinous Canadian forests and over the wide expanse of the lake, reaching the nostrils of the happy islanders dry and bracing and cool.

It has been noted by observant visitors that among the islands in the midsummer season there is no dew at night, although upon the mainland, a mile or so back from the river, it is at times quite heavy. It is the fashion to make indiscriminate claims as to the health-giving qualities of resorts generally, without reference to actual facts. People occasionally die at the Thousand Islands, but the great majority of those who come here weak and jaded go home rejoicing in full strength and with light hearts. It is destined to become the great Sanitarium of the Atlantic half of the continent.

Among the islands of the St. Lawrence, and especially the portion



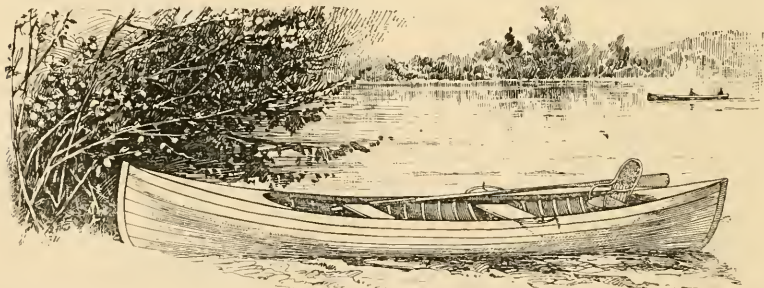
IN DAYS GONE BY.

above Wellesley Island, the great width of the river, averaging some nine miles, reduces the current to a pace hardly noticeable. It is sufficient, however, to prevent the dew from forming upon the contiguous land.

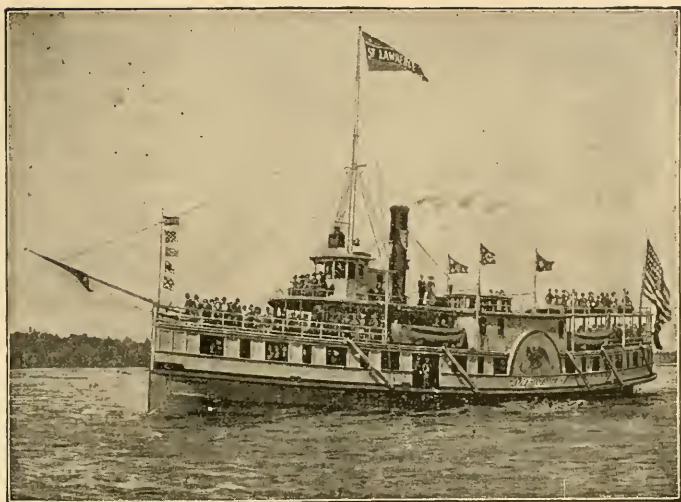
The Thousand Island region is practically an estuary of Lake Ontario, projected from its eastern extreme, and thickly strewn with rocky islets of all shapes and sizes. The actual number of the islands, when considered as fragments of soil or rock projected above the surface of the water, is dependent largely upon the slight effect of a dry or wet season, a fall of a foot in the depth of the river adding very materially to the count. In the Treaty of Ghent the islands are officially stated as numbering 1,692.

Between and among these thread innumerable channels, here pouring a swift and crystal tide through some pent-up chasm, and there forming in deep, stilly pools much loved by the wary black bass, 'neath the shadow of some castellated crag.

These ever-varying features, and the constant change of vista afforded the voyager, overflowing at every turn with unexpected instances of those combinations of water, land and sky which we recognize as beautiful, these make up the charm and glory of the upper St. Lawrence River.



“How happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal hither, where naught but nature strives.”



STEAMER ST. LAWRENCE, CONNECTING WITH TRAIN.

FROM CLAYTON TO ALEXANDRIA BAY.

There are several points through which travel reaches the islands, reference to each of which is due. Clayton, New York, is the northern terminus of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad (Utica Division), now a portion of the great New York Central & Hudson River Railroad system, which is most convenient to the cottages and hotels. and it ranks first in importance. Through trains arrive morning and evening at this place from New York and Niagara Falls, made up of vestibuled parlor and sleeping cars, and through cars also usually come here from Saratoga, Boston, Chicago and other great centers of travel.

Clayton is an attractive village, prosperous as the trading center of a thrifty farming country, and having several manufacturing industries. Clayton skiffs (elsewhere mentioned in detail) are famous all over the land. A number of long established hotels here enjoy a reliable summer patronage. The principal houses are the Hubbard, Walton and New Windsor. Well-stocked general stores contain a good selection of cottages and camping supplies. *On the St. Lawrence*, an excellent newspaper, (published daily in the summer), at Clayton, gives all the River news. During the heated months, when thousands come hither from the cities, Clayton wears a festive air; the oarsmen are all busy, and the wharves are lined with steamers, beautiful private yachts, and the sloops of gay camping parties.

The principal hotels and park communities are all down river from Clayton, and the majority of travelers arriving by train proceed at once upon board of the steamboat, which soon carries her expectant passengers away to their destinations among the islands.



PAVILION, ROUND ISLAND.

The newcomer should be advised at this point, that the river is about seven miles in width at Clayton. All of the land seen to the westward and north from the steamer's deck being islands, beyond which, at a distance of about four miles, the international boundary line is drawn in midstream. The islands extend about forty miles from Lake Ontario to Morrisburg.

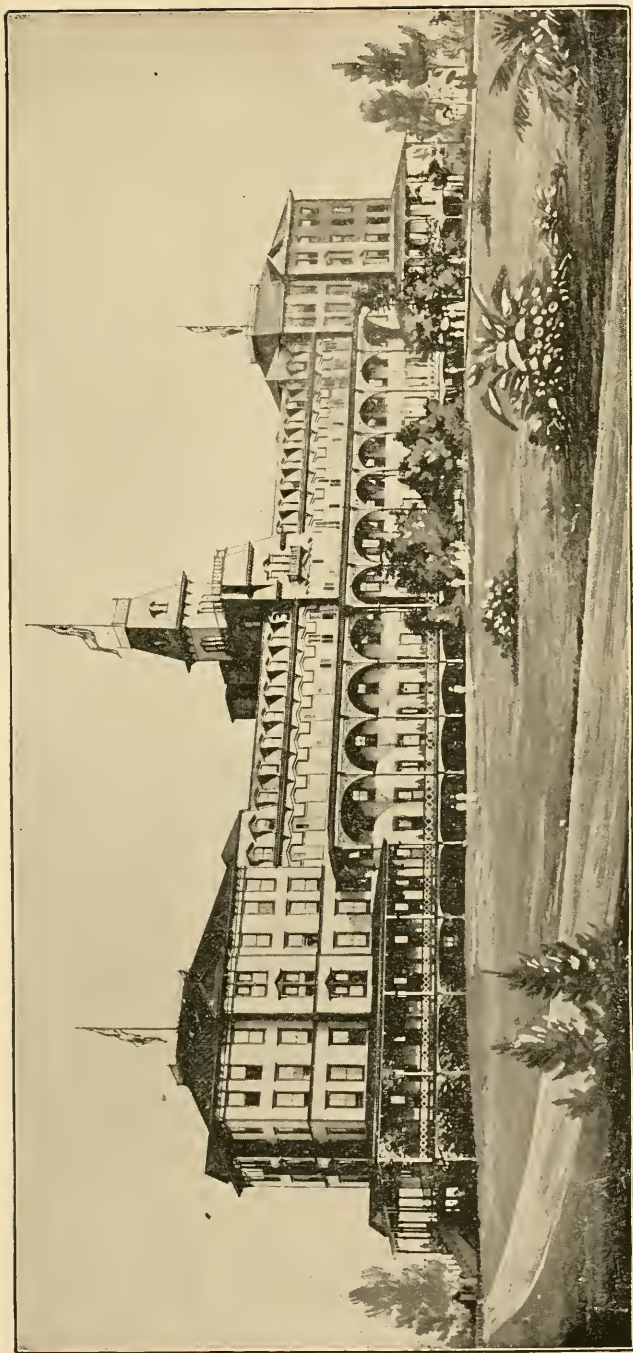
ROUND ISLAND AND THE HOTEL FRONTENAC.

The first stop is made at Round Island, one and a half miles from Clayton. The shores of the island are embellished with scores of tasteful, and in some instances costly, cottages. The elegant Hotel Frontenac, one of the most popular of the resorts upon the river, occupies a commanding site in the center of the island. The Frontenac is completely furnished in modern style, and supplied with an elevator. Every room in the house commands a view of the river; a first-class orchestra discourses music for dancing; artesian water is used upon the table; billiards and tenpins are provided for. Mr. E. D. Dickinson is the manager. All portions of the island are open to guests and visitors. No excursion parties are landed here.

Round Island has numerous walks and drives, with shady outlooks, along its either shore. Some of the best fishing grounds are in the immediate neighborhood. All steamers call here.

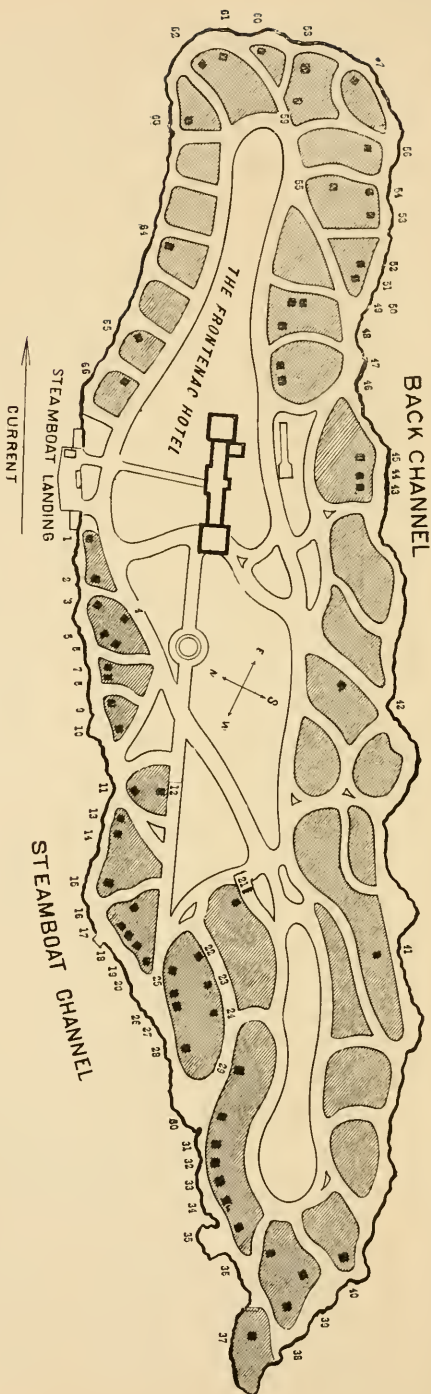
COTTAGE DIRECTORY, ROUND ISLAND.

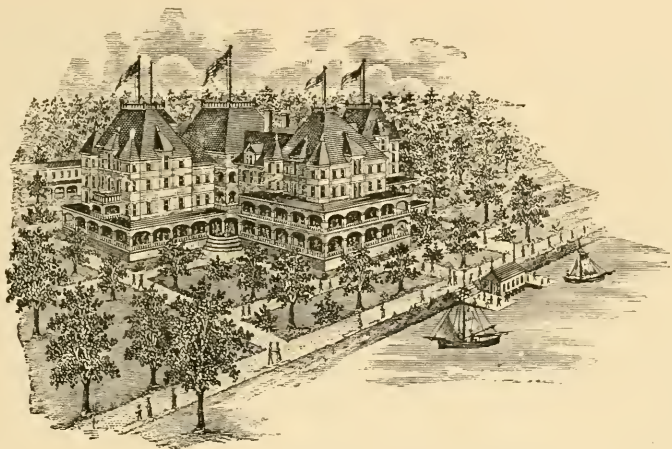
- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Round Island store. | 13. Geo. M. Barnes, Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 2. Mrs. James Eaton, Syracuse, N. Y. | 14. E. D. Sherwood, Camillus, N. Y. |
| 3. L. V. Rathbun, Rochester, N. Y. | 15. C. C. Laidlaw, Gouverneur, N. Y. |
| 4. Mrs. J. H. Lucas, Madison, N. Y. | 16. Judge Neary, Gouverneur, N. Y. |
| 5. Mrs. L. Eddy, Clayton, N. Y. | 17. D. H. Decker, Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 6. N. H. Burhans, Syracuse, N. Y. | 18. J. G. Harbottle, Watertown, N. Y. |
| 7. Dr. E. R. Maxson, Syracuse, N. Y. | 19. Vincent Larkins, Clayton, N. Y. |
| 8. Rev. Edward Bright, D.D., New York City. | 20. G. N. Harris, Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 9. E. M. Allowelt, Syracuse, N. Y. | 21. Mrs. Ruth Ackerman, Three Mile Bay, N. Y. |
| 10. H. S. Barbour, Watertown, N. Y. | 22. D. H. Murray, Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 11. Anthony Lamb, Syracuse, N. Y. | 23. C. E. Best, Jordan, N. Y. |
| 12. E. L. Hemingway, Watertown, N. Y. | 24. Miss A. M. Salsbury, Sandy Creek, N. Y. |



THE HOTEL FRONTENAC, ROUND ISLAND. (Frontenac P. O., Jeff Co., N. Y.)

25. R. E. Rindge, Norwich, N. Y.
 26. George L. Crandall, Binghamton, N. Y.
 27. F. M. Metcalf, Westmoreland, N. Y.
 28. B. J. Stephenson, Syracuse, N. Y.
 29. James S. Squires, Cortland, N. Y.
 30. H. S. Barbour, Watertown, N. Y.
 31. Mrs. George Harbottle, Auburn, N. Y.
 32. S. B. Kirk, Syracuse, N. Y.
 33. Ex-Mayor Kirk, Syracuse, N. Y.
 34. E. M. Henderson, Wheatport, N. Y.
 35. Mrs. E. M. Schreuder, Syracuse, N. Y.
 36. Dr. F. H. Stephenson, Syracuse, N. Y.
 37. Dr. George D. Whedon, Syracuse, N. Y.
 38. Jacob Hays, New York City.
 39. H. Van Wagenen, New York City.
 40. Hon. J. J. Belden, Syracuse, N. Y.
 41. George L. Crandall, Binghamton, N. Y.
 42. George W. Hammond, Watertown, N. Y.
 43. Mrs. M. D. Kinmouth, Hamilton, N. Y.
 44. H. H. Mills, Carthage, N. Y.
 45. Mrs. E. A. Perrine, New York City.
 46. C. S. Bail, Syracuse, N. Y.
 47. Mrs. J. P. Denny, Syracuse, N. Y.
 48. S. Branaugh, Carthage, N. Y.
 49. S. A. Reed, Omar, N. Y.
 50. Mary C. Gould, Orleans, N. Y.
 51. E. M. Merrill, Carthage, N. Y.
 52. A. J. Chester, Albany.
 53. C. W. Sikes, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 54. E. H. Myers, Carthage, N. Y.
 55. Mary A. Goodall, Watertown, N. Y.
 56. A. E. Kilby, Carthage, N. Y.
 57. B. W. Wrenn, Atlanta, Ga.
 58. Frank H. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.
 59. Rev. A. S. Wood, Maine, N. Y.
 60. C. A. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 61. John Dunphy, Syracuse, N. Y.
 62. S. V. R. Van Heusen, Syracuse, N. Y.
 63. T. C. Parker, Watertown, N. Y.
 64. C. H. Rose, New York City.
 65. Miss Gertrude Morehouse, Syracuse, N. Y.
 66. N. H. Bullock, Fisher's Ldg, N. Y.
- Cottage in course of erection between 9 and 10 by Fred Frazer, Syracuse, N. Y.





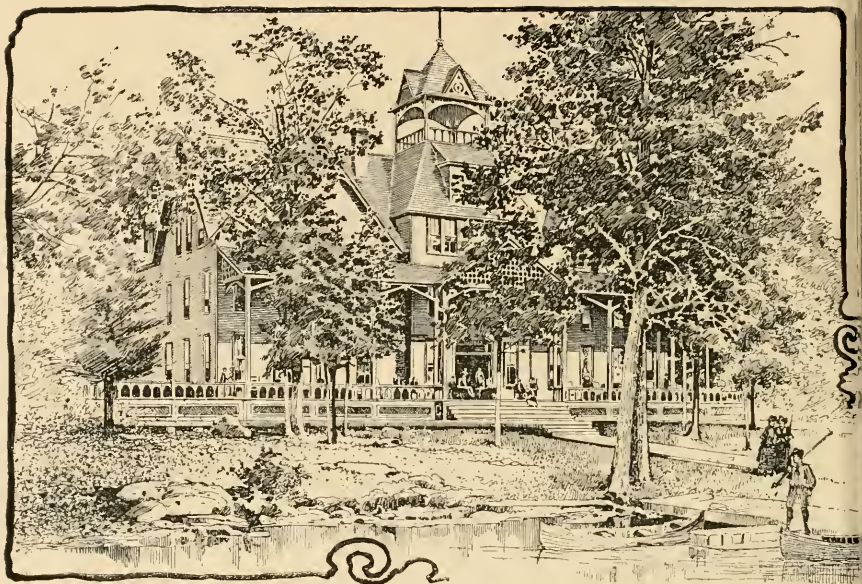
THE COLUMBIAN HOTEL.

1,000 ISLAND PARK AND THE COLUMBIAN HOTEL.

From Round Island the steamer traverses a broad reach of the river and touches at the Pullman House, a small but attractive hotel located upon Grenell Park, and half a mile beyond reaches the wharf at Thousand Island Park, the largest summer colony among the islands, and is under the control of the Methodists. This is always a populous place in summer. The cottages are ranged along an avenue facing the river or upon inland streets among the shade trees. The Columbian Hotel at this point presents one of the handsomest fronts along the river, with its towers and inviting porches. Under its present management, the firm of Inglehart & Hadcock, which has made a great success of two other hotels yet to be mentioned, the Columbian Hotel has attained a high degree of popularity. The Park association owns a large tabernacle, and provides, each summer, a varied and attractive series of educational and religious entertainments.

From this point to Alexandria Bay, a distance of about seven miles, the stream is contracted upon the American side of the river to a width averaging about a quarter of a mile. Groups of small cottages line the rocky banks of Wellesley Island upon the left, and at some points upon the mainland. Central Park is the midway point of this channel. The Central Park Hotel, managed by Mr. H. F. Inglehart, is located here, and ranged beyond it are numbers of private cottages. The hotel is a modern structure with a decided air of comfort. Its wide porches command a view of a grassy shaded expanse along the stream and a sweep of the picturesque channel which it faces. Its rooms are large and airy. The fare is as good as the best. A telegraph office and U. S. post-office are maintained.

Point Vivian is a little community, but a most lively one, housed in cozy cottages perched among the trees and rocks. Here the "Bay" group of summer palaces of the prominent city families, who annually return to this



CENTRAL PARK HOTEL.

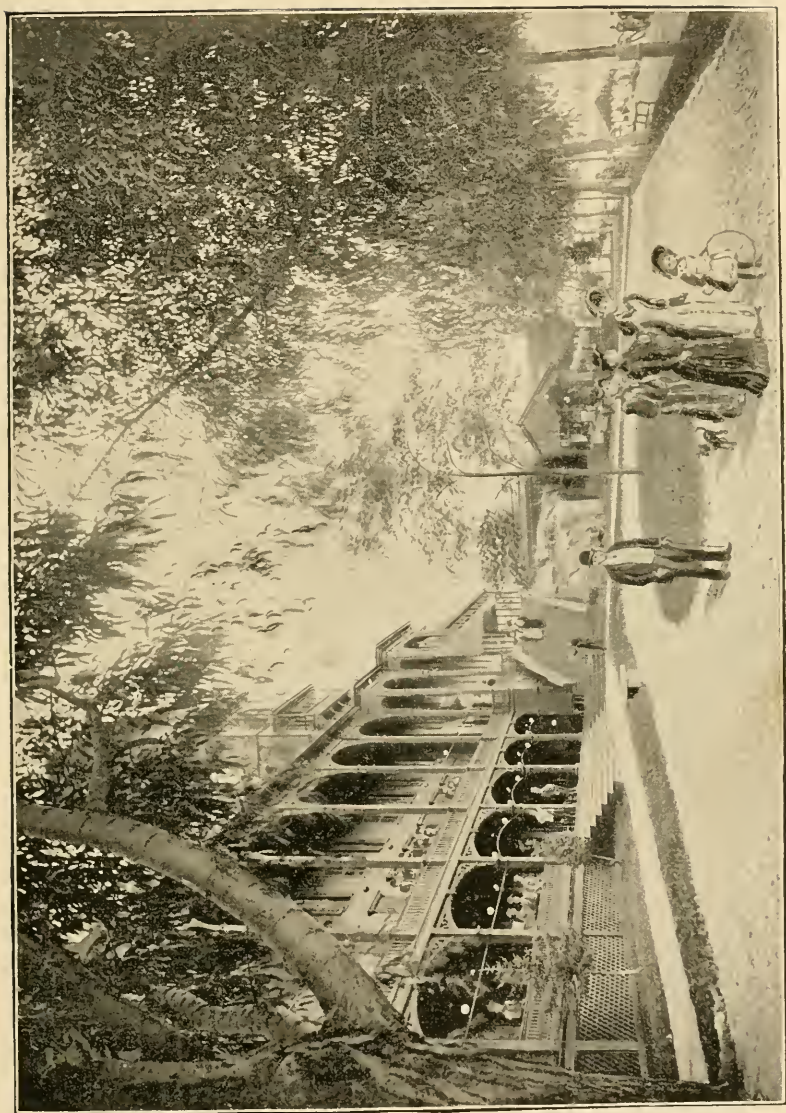
poetic region, begin to come into view, filling the stranger with a new and more expansive idea of the splendor of the romantic existence which these happy islanders enjoy in their picturesque villas, environed by rocks and lawns, and surrounded by the limpid swirling tide that bears us past them to the end of the journey at Alexandria Bay.

There are, perhaps, at one or more of our great sea-side resorts, cottage communities of equal cost and even greater magnificence within an equal area, but nowhere upon the continent is there to be seen such a rare and tasteful union of the beautiful in nature and art applied to the uses of private citizens of wealth as here, within two miles of Alexandria Bay.

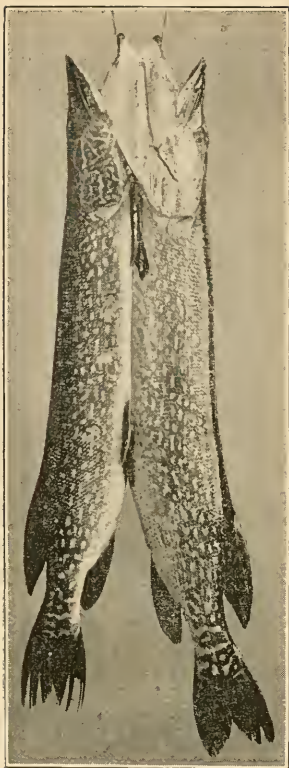
ALEXANDRIA BAY.

The village of Alexandria Bay is flanked upon either side by indentations from the river that flows past its front. From the lower of these it derives its name. The hotels, stores and cottages of the busy little place are literally founded upon a rock.

The extensive Thousand Island House, with its frontage of prettily decorated garden, is the most prominent object in the view on approach, and beyond it is the dignified Crossmon House. Intermediate is the large warehouse and store of the Cornwall Bros. This firm conducts one of the finest general stores in northern New York, and, in addition, carries on an immense ticket and excursion business. It is an excellent place for outfitting before going into camp or cottage, or for buying comforts of every sort while en route.



THE LAWN—THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.



A BRACE OF PICKEREL.

There are several minor hotels, including the Marsden, St. Lawrence Bay View, Jefferson and St. James. A great number of stores and little bazars, and a short walk away from the river, streets of pretty houses, most of which take boarders during the season. Scores of boatmen are in waiting along the wharves or around in the bay, and steam yachts are very plentiful, most of these being held for charter by the day or week.

The name of the Thousand Island House is synonymous with a memory in the breasts of an army of tourists who have in past years sojourned beneath its roof. It may be safely asserted that at no time in its career has it been as popular or as well maintained as at present, under the guidance of the genial hotel veteran, Mr. J. B. Wistar. As a matter of course, this establishment is equipped with all the belongings of a first class summer hotel, and is well patronized early and late.

Steamers come and go between Alexandria Bay and other river points constantly, including Kingston, Canada, Cape Vincent, Clayton, Ganauoque, all the parks, Brockville, Canada, and Ogdensburg.

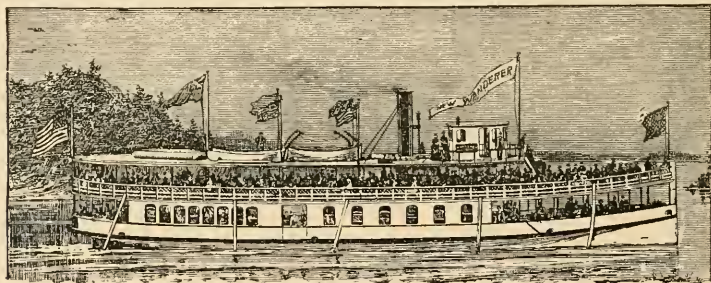
THE NEW ISLAND WANDERER

Trip Among the Islands.

Every morning, and again every afternoon, just following the lunch hour, the staunch and swift "New Island Wanderer," starts upon her romantic fifty-mile tour among the Islands. (See time table.)

Heading up the stream from Alexandria Bay, she enters at once into the midst of the beautiful group of islands assembled there, all of which are crowned by costly summer homes.

These appear in the following order. [See map and page 16.]



THE "NEW ISLAND WANDERER'S" TRIP.

THE "New Island Wanderer's" trip of fifty miles among the Islands has now become as well known as the Thousand Islands themselves. Without taking this trip a visit to "the Islands" is incomplete.

The more than a hundred square miles of blue waters and leafy Islands comprising the area called the Thousand Islands cannot possibly be seen to advantage by a trip on any ordinary river steamer. The long and stately steamer, "New Island Wanderer," was built especially to make this trip. The steamer, on her fifty-mile trip, passes all points of interest on the American side, crosses the river and passes through the "Admiralty Group" of Islands, touches at the Canadian port of Gananoque. Thence on through the central groups, and as a grand triumph of modern navigation sails through the "Lost Channel." This is the only large steamer which can and does pass through the "Lost Channel" on this wonderful and world-renowned trip. The "New Island Wanderer" is equipped with all modern conveniences. She has fine upholstered cabins, opera-chairs on her upper deck, and is heated throughout by steam.

TIME TABLE.

	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Lv. Alex. Bay,	8.00	2 15	Lv. Grenell Is. Park,	†8.50	†3.00
" Edgewood,	†8.05	†2.20	" Round Is. Park,	8.55	3.05
" Point Vivian,	†8.15	†2.30	" Clayton,	9.00	3 20
" Central Park,	†8.25	†2.40	" Gananoque,	10.00	4.10
" Fine View,	8.35	2.50	" Lost Channel,	10.30	4.45
" T. I. Park,	8.45	2.55	" Westminster Park,	11.15	5.25
			Arr. Alex. Bay,	11.30	5.45

* Subject to change without notice.

†Stop on signal.

After each round trip, will leave Alexandria Bay at 11.30 A.M. and 5.45 P.M. for Clayton, touching at all intermediate points.

EVENING EXCURSIONS.

IN addition to the daily trips of the "New Island Wanderer," she will make during the season Evening Excursions among the Islands.

This steamer has recently been provided, at great expense, with a powerful marine electric search-light. With this powerful light the beautiful cottages and wild rugged islands appear, as the steamer passes, like panoramic scenes of enchanted beauty. Nature, night and modern science here conspire to produce a magic spell, the like of which cannot be experienced anywhere else in the world. This splendid treat will be afforded to all who visit the Islands this season at a nominal price.

The "New Island Wanderer" is superbly lighted throughout by electricity, which, together with other conveniences, insures absolute comfort for those taking this trip.

B. B. TAGGART, Pres.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.



NOBBY ISLAND FROM DEWEY ISLAND.

THE BAY GROUP.

(To right of steamer.)

Isle Imperial.....	Mr. Rafferty, Pittsburg.
Florence Island.....	H. S. Chandler, New York.
Linlithgow.....	Mrs. Robt. Livingston, New York.
Deweys'.....	E. W. Dewey, New York.
St. Elmo.....	N. W. Hunt, Brooklyn.
Nobby.....	H. R. Heath, Brooklyn.
Welcome.....	S. G. Pope, Ogdensburg.
Felseueck.....	Prof. Hopkins, Hamilton College.
Castle Rest.....	Geo. M. Pullman, Chicago.
Hopewell Hall.....	W. C. Browning, New York.

EDGEWOOD PARK.

(Mainland.)

Cottages owned by:

J. G. Baker.....	Philadelphia.
J. P. Lampson.....	Cleveland.
Mr. Hartzell.....	Cleveland.
G. C. Martin.....	Watertown, N. Y.
G. W. Martin.....	Brooklyn.

LOWER CHANNEL GROUP.

(To right of steamer).

Craigside.....	H. A. Laughlin, Pittsburg.
Palisades.....	A. C. Beckwith, Utica.

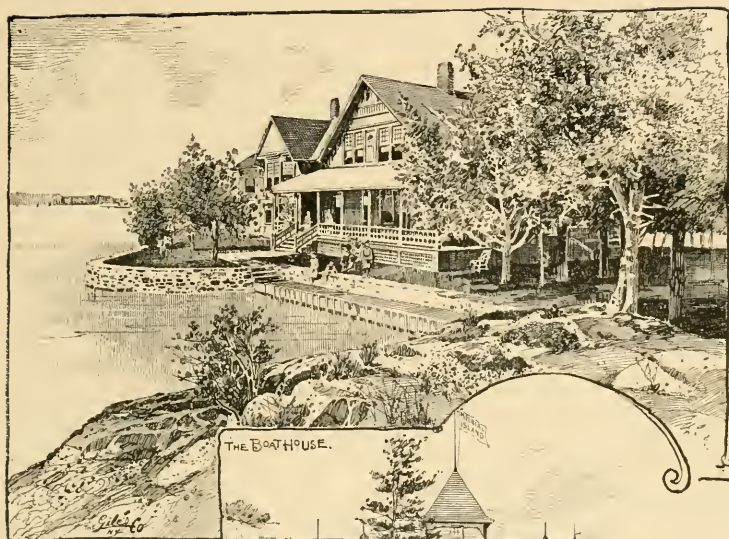
Both upon Wellesley Island.

(To left of steamer.)

Ingleside.....	Mrs. G. B. Marsh, Chicago.
Melrose Lodge.....	Mrs. A. B. Pullman, Chicago.
Stuyvesant Lodge.....	Jas. T. Easton, Brooklyn.
Sunnyside.....	Rev. Geo. Rockwell, Tarrytown.

(Upon this Island formerly stood the first cottage, a mere shelter, erected for summer use among the islands.)

Devil's Oven.....	(An unoccupied freak of nature.)
Cuba.....	M. Chauncey, Brooklyn.



IMPERIAL ISLAND
RESIDENCE OF
MR. G. T. RAFFERTY

THE BOATHOUSE.



ISLE IMPERIAL.



GREYSTONE VILLA, WARNER'S ISLAND.

Wauwinet..... C. E. Hill, Chicago.
 Keewaydin..... J. W. Jackson, Plainfield, N. J.

[Upon the mainland.]

Greystone Villa..... H. H. Warner, Rochester.
 Comfort..... A. E. Clark, Chicago.
 Neh Mahbin..... J. H. Oliphant, Brooklyn.
 Bella Vista Lodge..... Wm. Chisholm, Cleveland.

[Upon the mainland].

(To right of steamer.)

Louisiana Point..... Hon. Judge Labatte, New Orleans.
 Seven Isles..... B. Winslow, Watertown.

(To left of steamer.)

Wild Rose..... Hon. W. G. Rose, Cleveland.
 Gypsey..... J. M. Curtis, Cleveland.

(These two are connected by an
 ornamental bridge.)

Alleghany Point..... J. S. Laney, Cleveland.
 [Upon the mainland.]

(Upon right of steamer.)

Shady Covert..... B. J. Maycock, Buffalo.
 Royal Island..... Royal A. Deane, New York.



THE COTTAGE UPON DEWEY ISLAND.



CASTLE REST.

POINT VIVIAN.

(To the left of steamer upon the mainland.)

A picturesque group of small cottages chiefly occupied by residents of northern New York. Steamers stop here when flagged.

CENTRAL PARK (now called St. Lawrence Park).

(To the left of steamer upon the mainland.)

The Central Park Hotel, and a group of cottages along the shore in a fine grove. Cottages owned by:

J. F. Moffatt.....	Watertown, N. Y.
C. W. Hackett	Utica, N. Y.
W. G. Williams	Watertown, N. Y.
B. B. Taggart.....	Watertown, N. Y.
Chas. H. Skinner.....	Albany, N. Y.
Judge P. C. Williams.....	Watertown, N. Y.
Rev. Richmond K. Fisk....	Ayers, Mass.
H. F. Inglehart.....	Watertown, N. Y.

Just above Central Park is St. Helena Island, occupied by H. Stillman, of Oswego, and the original Calumet Island, upon which is the cottage of Oliver H. Green, of Boston.

UPPER CHANNEL GROUP.

From Central Park to the head of the channel many cottages are ranged along the shores of Wellesley Island, or upon the small islands to the left of the steamer. They are mainly inexpensive, but are all picturesque in location, and filled all

summer with happy families from all parts of the country. Upon the Wellesley Island shore, also a short distance above the cheese factory, opposite Collin's Landing, is the site of the historic Peel Dock, where, upon the night of May 29, 1838, a party of so-called patriots captured and burned the steamer Sir Robert Peel, an incident of the border troubles of that time.

The most notable places observed are Mt. Jolly Oaks, a group of cottages upon Wellesley Island, one of which is owned by Mr. W. W. Butterfield, Occident and Orient Islands, Frederick Island, Waving Branches, and Castle Hiawatha. Fisher's Landing is a small settlement upon the mainland, opposite Rock Island Lighthouse.

The Fine View House is a small but cheerful hotel upon Wellesley Island, where steamers stop if flagged. Just above is the fine cottage of the Green Brothers, of Amsterdam, N. Y., the courteous owners of the fine private steam yacht "Idle Hour."

Opposite Thousand Island Park are two cottages upon small islands, called Lone Tree and Twin Isles.



"JERSEY HEIGHTS"—GRENNELL PARK.

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK AND THE COLUMBIAN HOTEL.

The fine new hotel at this point has already been described. Several hundreds of cottages are located at this great resort, those along the river-front bluff being chiefly of tasteful, and often of costly build. The first stop of the steamer after leaving Thousand Island Park is at the Pullman House Wharf. Upon the lofty rocks just to the south of this landing are several cottages, the largest of which is Jersey Heights, owned by L. L. Carlisle, of Newark, N. J. The Otsego clubhouse, and a pretty cottage, owned by L. E. Curtis, are placed upon the rocky point.



BOAT HOUSE AND STUDIO "SHADY LEDGE"—
ROUND ISLAND.

ROUND ISLAND AND THE HOTEL FRONTENAC.

This beautiful and ever popular resort has already been described; all steamers stop here regularly. (See map of this island and accompanying cottage directory.)

Clayton is widely known among lovers of boating as the place where the large industry of the St. Lawrence Skiff, Canoe, and Steam Launch Company is located. This concern builds the famous St. Lawrence skiffs, which have no equal in not only all the points that go to make up the safe, speedy, and comfortable boat, but also in finish and general elegance.



COTTAGE OF MR. H. VAN WAGENEN—ROUND ISLAND.

A new type of skiff has recently been developed here, designed exclusively for racing, and their success has created great interest in aquatic circles. Many canoes are built here upon order, and both steam and naphtha launches are made to suit. Visitors to the islands are invited to visit the workshops of this concern.

Another special industry at Clayton is the factory of Mr. G. M. Skinner, whose trolling spoons for fishermen are in use all over the world.

A very fine and varied line of photographs of island scenery, cottages and groups, may be seen at Hardy's studio, in Clayton.

From Clayton, the steam yacht "Nightingale," Capt. S. G. Johnston, owner, makes regular ferry trips to Round Island, Grenell Park, Thousand Island Park and Fine View.



THE WOODLANDS.

Opposite Clayton is Calumet Island, owned by Mr. C. G. Emery, of New York, and Governor's Island, owned by Mr. J. A. Cheney, Syracuse.

Leaving Clayton the steamer heads away toward Canada. The rounded promontory of Prospect Park is left upon the port side, beyond which the "Woodlands" come into view. This is the fine summer villa of Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, widow of the late millionaire president of the C. M. & St. Paul Railroad. Mrs. Mitchell alternates between this ideal home and a still more beautiful refuge at Jacksonville, Florida, named Villa Alexandria, and entertains her fortunate guests with unaffected hospitality.

Upon the small islands clustered about the head of Grindstone Island, and upon the shores of the latter, are several pretty cottages, forming a distinct and somewhat reserved colony of wealthy sojourners. The Japanese villa of Mr. C. Wolle, upon Coral Island, and the large cottage of W. F. Morgan, both of New York, are the most striking of this group. The other cottages are owned by G. Leavitt, Harry Morgan, A. Crocker, Mrs. Moore, Bryant Lindley, all of New York, and Thos. Thatcher, of Boston.

Hickory, the large island upon the left, is in Canadian waters, and after passing it the international boundary line is crossed. The beautiful wild islands and mainland of Canada come into view.

Three miles distant is the Admiralty group toward which the steamer speeds, and just at Burnt Island Lighthouse turns sharply to the left, entering the involved channel that gives no spare room for the pleasure ship carrying the enraptured excursionists. Here and there, peeping out from among the inviting foliage, are seen brightly painted cottages, nearly all loyally displaying the Union Jack, and

the occupants waving a hearty greeting to the speeding observers. This is a distinctly literary colony, a number of the owners being prominent educators in leading American and Canadian colleges.

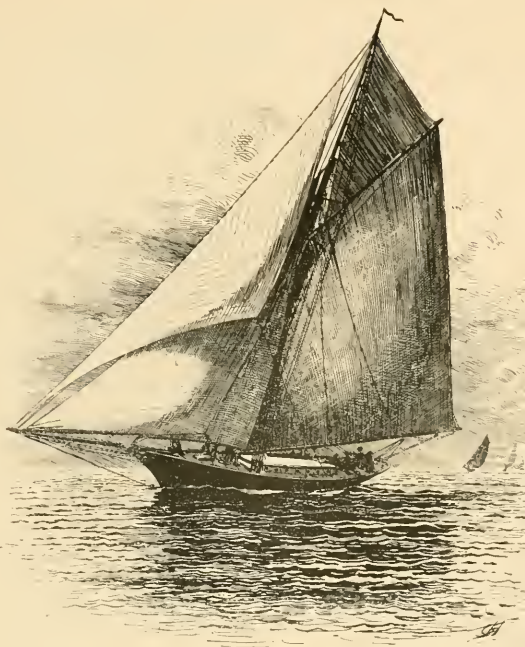
THE ADMIRALTY GROUP.

(To the right of the steamer.)

The Castle	{	Prof. N. F. Dupuis,
		of Queen's College.
Channel View		John Turcotte.
Roseneath	{	Jas. Richmond,
Villa.....		Kingston, Ont.
Camp Iroquois..	{	Mr. Wallace,
		Boston.

(To the left of the steamer.)

Cottage of Rev. J. Allen, of
Cobourg, Canada.



Sylvan Isle.....J. L. Upham, Brockville.

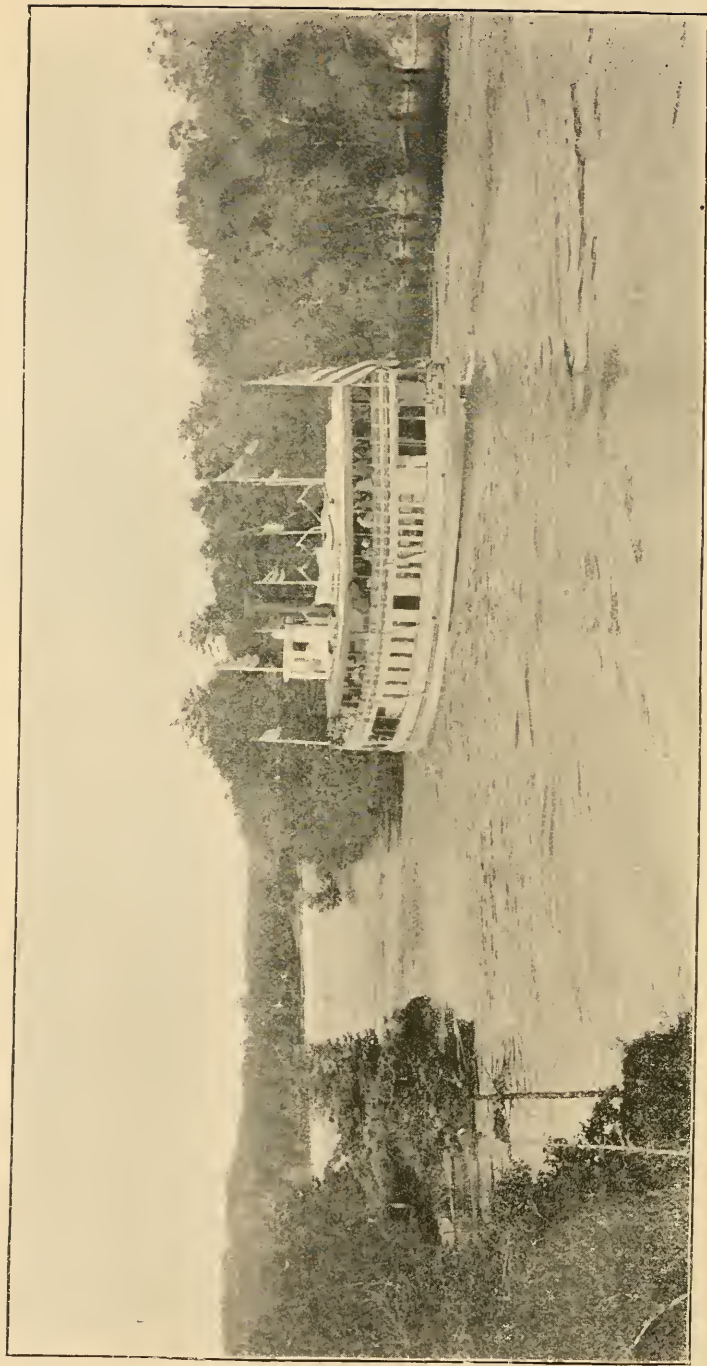
(To the right of steamer.)

Round Island.....	J. Findlay, Montreal.
Cottages of C. E. Britton and Dr. A. N. Kincaid, both of Gananoque.	
Idylwild....	Mr. Camp, Toronto.
Wiedentelt.	Prof. Coleman, of Victoria College, Cobourg.
Riverview.....	Rev. Prof. Mowat, Queens College, Kingston, Ont.
Dorisdale....	R. Forsythe, Montreal.

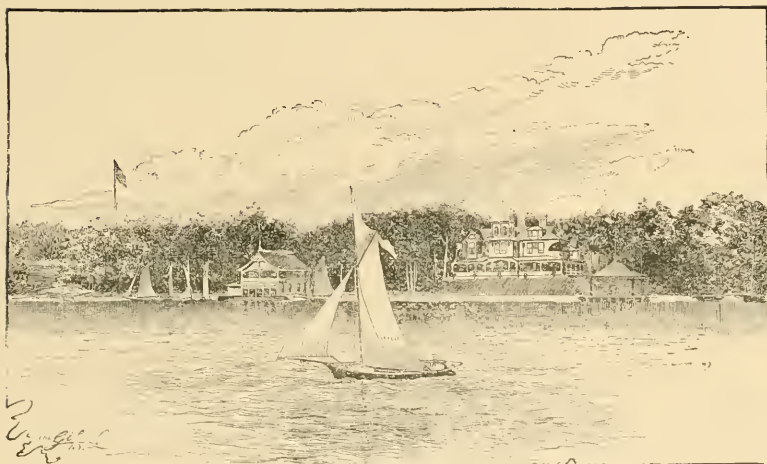
GANANOQUE.

Gananoque is a busy manufacturing town upon the Canadian mainland, at which a five-minute stop is made. This is a junction point of the Grand Trunk Railroad. It is connected by a ferry with Clayton.

The course of the steamer is now northerly. After passing Jack Straw Lighthouse the course is through Halstead's Bay. The two groups of rocky isles in this channel present the finest vistas of undisturbed nature the Thousand Island Region has to offer, and surely no traveler can well demand a more enthralling scene. Coursing between these isles, with abrupt turnings and sometimes with steam valves closed, the grandeur of the scene increases and culminates in the **peerless Lost Channel**, from which the boat emerges into the clear channel, to send the shriek of her whistle after the rebounding echoes of the cliffs that border the stream. Below the landing of Rockport, Grenadier Island Lighthouse comes into view, and the course is changed toward Westminster Park, in American waters.



THE "NEW ISLAND WANDERER" (Passing through the Lost Channel.)



FAIRYLAND.

The boundary line passes up through a narrow channel, which gives access to the beautiful Lake of the Isles.

Westminster Park was originally founded as a resort of the Presbyterians, but this feature seems to have passed into "innocuous desuetude," leaving it, with its pretty hotel, one of the most agreeable and untrammelled resorts upon the river. The hotel, which is under the management of Mr. H. F. Inglehart, of the Columbian and Central Park Hotels, is always well filled in summer with family parties. Fine scenery, music, substantial fare, and plenty of good boating are the attractions. A telegraph office and post office are maintained, and frequent trips are made to Alexandria Bay, about one mile distant, by ferry-boat.

A detour is made by the steamer to afford a view of the costly summer homes below Alexandria Bay. These may be called, from their proximity to the National boundary line down the center of the river, by the name of

THE BOUNDARY GROUP.

(To left of steamer.)

Little Lehigh Island.....	W. A. & R. H. Wilbur, Bethlehem, Pa
Sport Island	E. P. Wilbur, Bethlehem. Pa.
Idlewild Island	Mrs. R. H. Eggleston, New York.
Summerland Island....	A number of cottages owned by Rochester families.
Arcadia.....	S. A. Briggs, New York.

(To right of steamer.)

Huguenot Island.....	J. L. Hasbrouck, of New York.
Fairyland.....	The Messrs. Hayden, Columbus. O.. (3 villas).
St. Johns.....	Judge Chas. Donahue, New York.
Manhattan.....	Judge J. C. Spencer, New York.



"THE LEDGES" BELOW ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Out in the channel, is Resort Island, embellished with a fine cottage owned by W. J. Lewis, Pittsburg. There are several large properties upon the main shore below Alexandria Bay, namely:

Bonnie Castle, Mrs. J. G. Holland, (This was the home of the famous novelist, poet, and first editor of the Century Magazine.)

The Ledges.....C. I. Hudson, New York.

Point Marguerite. (Formerly owned by the late Edward Anthony, of New York.)

Long Branch.....Mrs. Clarke, Watertown.

Once more the steamer has made her allotted round, and callous indeed must be the soul of the man or woman who has seen this beautiful land of rest upon a bright summer's day, who does not feel that it has been a "red-letter day" in the calendar of his experience.

It should be noted that the "Old Island Wanderer," the first of the excursion boats of the Alexandria Bay Steamboat Company, is now operated upon in the Alexandria Bay, Ogdensburg Route, making the round trip daily, leaving Alexandria Bay at 7 A. M. and stopping at Cedar Island (Chippewa Bay), Allen's Dock, Brockville, Morristown and Morristown Park en route, and leaving Ogdensburg upon return trip at 1:30 P. M., making all above stops.

Attention is called to the announcement of the Electric Search Light Excursion of the "New Island Wanderer." Page 15.



A FULL FISH-BOX.

(By permission of *Once-a-Week*.)



FORT FREDERICK, KINGSTON.

Fleet and routes of the 1,000 Island Steamboat Co. and St. Lawrence River Steamboat Co.

For the great facility with which travelers and residents can voyage to and fro among the Thousand Islands, they are largely indebted to the enterprise and energy of the Thousand Island Steamboat Company and the St. Lawrence River Steamboat Company, which, together, form practically a single interest, and are operated closely in connection with the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Co. (lessees of the Rome, Watertown & Odgensburg Railroad), whose shield appears on the smoke-stacks of all the boats of the line. The fleet "St. Lawrence," and the equally well-known "Islander," have long navigated the river. This season the "Empire State," which is practically the twin of the "St. Lawrence," is added to the fleet. These vessels perform a varied and complete service not only in connection with trains, but in special excursions, the scope of which is announced upon another page.

The smaller boats of the line, the "Jessie Bain" and "Maynard," will ply as usual upon stated routes.

The steamers of this line connecting, with trains at Clayton for points down the river, is scheduled to make the distance to Alexandria Bay, including all stops, in about one and a quarter hours.

The steamer *Islander* of this line makes a single daily excursion upon week days among the islands, leaving Clayton early afternoon and touching at all the parks, Alexandria Bay and Gananoque, and positively passing through the famous *Lost Channel*. This steamer this year has been equipped with a marine Electric Search Light. Upon Sundays the *Island Ramble* is made upon an earlier schedule by the steamer "St. Lawrence."

The steamer "St. Lawrence" has been equipped with an electric search light of about quadruple the power of that heretofore used, and again makes the famous search-light excursions that have been so popular, passing over the same route as heretofore. See time-table for both week day and Sunday search-light trips. The latter starting from Clayton.

THOUSAND ISLAND STEAMBOAT CO., Limited,

IN CONNECTION WITH

NEW YORK CENTRAL and
ROME, WATERTOWN & OGDENSBURG RAILROADS.



STEAMER "ST. LAWRENCE," THE GREYHOUND OF THE RIVER.

You won't be happy until you have taken the

"BIG THREE"

Excursions, which are run daily during July, August and September, by the fast commodious side-wheel Excursion Steamers of this Company.

- 1st. Steamer "St. Lawrence's" Fifty-Mile Ramble.
- 2d. Steamer "St. Lawrence's" Electric Search Light Excursion.
- 3d. Steamer "Empire State's" Trip to Canada.

These trips are so arranged as to include all points of interest, and no one has thoroughly seen or enjoyed the Thousand Islands until he has taken all three.

N. B.—Make no mistake. Take the steamers bearing the New York Central shield on smoke-stack and your enjoyment is assured.

For particulars, see local advertisements. Send two cent stamp for descriptive pamphlet of Thousand Islands.

HOWARD S. FOLGER,

General Manager,

CLAYTON, N. Y.

B. W. FOLGER, JR.,

Gen'l Pass'r Agent,

KINGSTON, ONT.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

Car plan and convertible into berths when occasion demands. Heavy velvet carpets cover the floors, and complete sanitary conveniences have been adopted. Three hundred incandescent electric lights are employed in artistic arrangement, and finally a great search-light of the regular navy style occupies a place above the pilot house.

The "Empire State" leaves Ogdensburg for Kingston each week day at 7 A. M. stopping at Brockville, Alexandria Bay, the parks, Frontenac Hotel, Round Island, Clayton and arrives at Kingston, Canada, at noon, leaving upon the return trip at 3:30 P. M. and arriving at Ogdensburg at 8:15 P. M. See time-table for all stops.

During the continuation of the great American Canoe Association Camp this season at Brown's Point, Wolf Island, about two miles from Kingston, the "Empire State" will stop there regularly. Upon special days excursionists will be allowed to land.

The many interesting features of the old city of Kingston have made this trip in recent years one of the standard undertakings of the visitor to the Thousand Islands.

There are several fine shopping streets, and good dinners are to be had at either the British American or the Frontenac Hotels. The principal object of interest is the extensive Fort Henry, and next in order the Barracks, through which a red-coated artilleryman will show visitors—who may present, if they choose, a small fee for the service—the Royal Military College, Queens College, St. George's Cathedral, St. Mary's Cathedral, Rockwood Insane Asylum, City buildings, parks and markets. The carriage fare is moderate, and the Belt line of street cars passes all important points.



CITY BUILDINGS, KINGSTON.

Hotel Frontenac and British American Hotel



KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

The
Leading Hotels
of the city.



Excellent
Boating and Fishing
in the vicinity.

E. W. DOWLING, Proprietor.

VISITORS to Kingston will find these hotels agreeable resting places during their stay. Both are within five minutes' walk of the Steamboat landing.

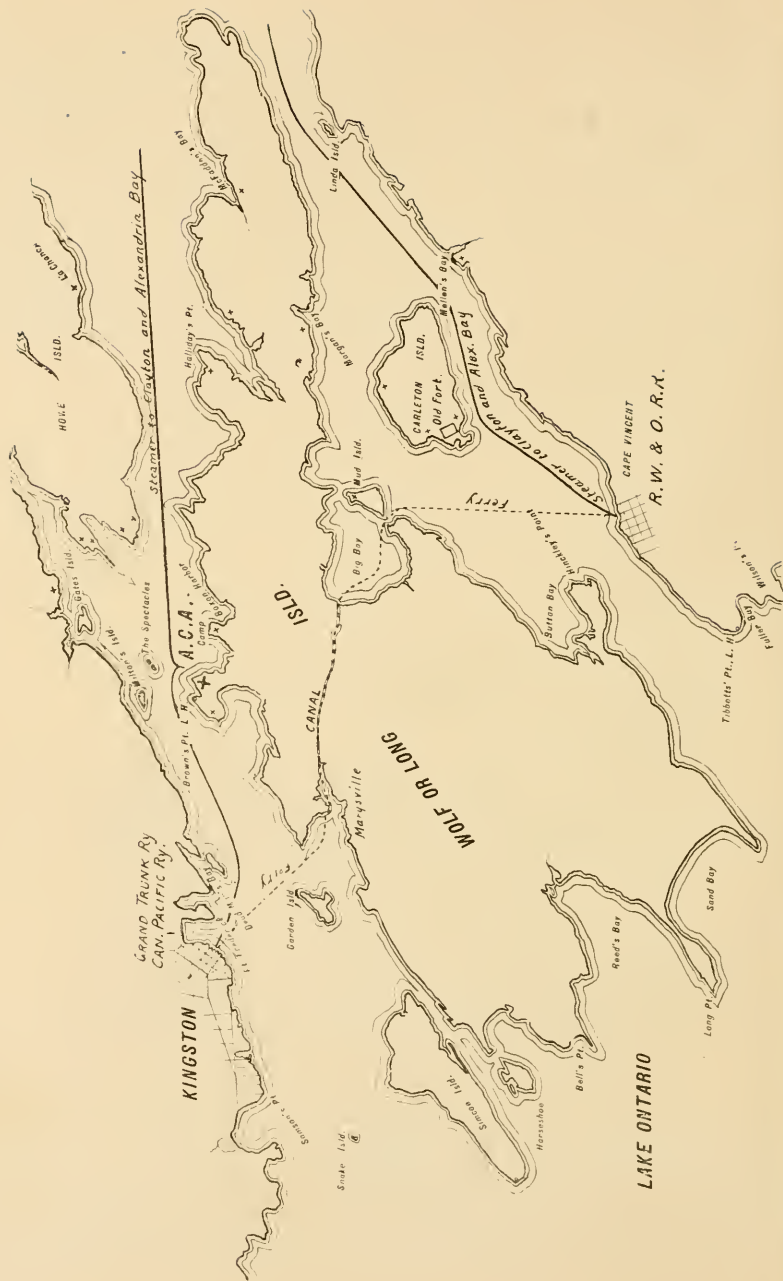


HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.

THE Palace Iron Steamers, **New York**, and **Albany**, of the **Hudson River Line**, now leave New York from Desbrosses Street, 8:40 a. m., 22nd Street, N. R. 9:00 a. m.; returning, leave Albany, 8:30 a. m. This is an attractive route of the Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and the North, Niagara Falls and the West.

These elegant steamers, noted for their great speed, and superb appointments, are fitted up exclusively for the passenger service. Handsomely furnished dining rooms are on the main deck, from which an uninterrupted view can be had of the picturesque scenery for which the Hudson is renowned. A fine orchestra is attached to each steamer, and Drawing Rooms can be secured for private parties. Through tickets sold to all points.

For all information apply to C. T. Van Santvoord, General Manager, and F.B. Hibbard General Ticket Agent, Desbrosses Street Pier, New York.



ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHT EXCURSIONS.

The steamer St. Lawrence of the 1000 Island Steamboat Company, and the New Island Wanderer of the Alexandria Bay Steamboat Company, make Electric Search Light tours among the Islands nightly during the season. The route is nearly the same as that of the daylight island tours, including the beautiful Canadian islands, and the effect of the powerful play of electric light upon the islands and channels takes the beholder within the realm of enchantment. The custom of illuminating with myriad colored lanterns arranged in initials or devices, prevails very generally among the cottages and hotels, and this charming effect, with the welcome given the passing steamer with red fires and rockets, adds vastly to the pleasure of this beautiful and weird evening's experience.

Seen under such conditions the lovely Thousand Islands take on even greater loveliness. As the steamer speeds over the still depths, heading now this way, now that, avoiding a reef here and revealing an undreamed channel there, the shifting stream of silvery radiance plays incessantly among the trees, discovering pretty cottages along the shores, or beating like drifts of snow against the broad fronts of the great hotels.

The Daily on the St. Lawrence,

CLAYTON, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS PUBLISHING CO.

(LIMITED).

Issued every day during the Summer Season in the midst of the Famous Thousand Islands.

ALL THE NEWS, LOCAL AND GENERAL.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER SEASON.

The DAILY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE is published every morning and sent out on the first mails; or, if you are at the River; it is delivered to your nearest post-office five hours before any other Daily reaches the River. The paper contains the Sporting News in full, and gives elaborate accounts of every item of interest occurring on the River between Oswego and Montreal. It is our desire to pay especial attention to every prominent place of Resort, in any way interesting to the tourist and traveler, or the summer sojourner among the islands.

THE ONLY DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY DURING THE YEAR.

TERMS: \$1.00 IN ADVANCE; \$1.25 AFTER THREE MONTHS.

JOB PRINTING.

We have a complete assortment of Job Type and Material, New Presses capable of turning out work with neatness and despatch. Give us a call and we will guarantee satisfaction. Hotel, Steamboat and Commercial Work our specialty.



AN ISLAND CHANNEL.
(From a photograph by Hardy, Clayton.)

PRIVATE STEAM YACHTS.

Siesta.....	H. H. Warner, Rochester.
Lotus Seeker.....	E. R. Holden, Prest. D. L. & W. R. R.
Valetta.....	George M. Pullman, Chicago.
Indienne.....	W. C. Browning, New York.
Gadabout.....	Judge W. W. Kennedy, Syracuse.
W. B.....	W. B. Hayden, Columbus, O.
Calumet.....	C. G. Emery, New York.
Jessie N.....	G. T. Rafferty, Pittsburg.
Mamie C.....	A. E. Clark, Chicago.
Edith.....	W. E. Lewis, Pittsburg.
Una.....	H. A. Laughlin, Pittsburg.
Olivia.....	Charles Hayden, New York.
Cuba.....	M. Chauncey, New York.
Mascot.....	C. B. Orcutt, New York.
Ella.....	J. H. Oliphant, Brooklyn.
Idle Hour.....	Green Bros., Amsterdam, N. Y.
Alice.....	Dr. W. N. Landon, Syracuse.
Louise.....	Chas. Hayden, New York.

For the information of the owners of private yachts, the New York Yacht Club has published the following measurements of the St. Lawrence canals :

Lachine system of canals, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; 5 locks : depth on sills, 9 to 10 feet. Lake St. Louis, $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The Beauharnois Canal, $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles ; 9 locks : depth, 9 feet. Lake St. Francis, $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The Cornwall Canal, $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; 9 locks : depth of water, 9 feet. Farians Point Canal, three-quarters of a mile ; 1 lock ; depth, 9 feet. Rapide Plot Canal, 4 miles ; 2 locks : depth, 9 feet. Galops Canal, 75.8 miles ; 3 locks ; depth, 9 feet.

This last lock brings one to Lake Ontario. After Lake Ontario the Welland Canal, $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles ; 26 locks ; depth 14 feet.

The Collins Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company, Collins Bay, Ontario, Canada, is supplied with all the appliances for lifting vessels through from Montreal to Lake Ontario, and also through the Welland Canal if desired. The charge for the round trip will be as follows : With two pontoons, \$1,000 ; with four pontoons, \$1,500 ; with six pontoons, \$1,750. Sailing yachts, for towage from Lachine to Prescott and return, \$200 to \$400, according to size.

Yachts must not exceed 183 feet in length, 28 feet beam and 14 feet draft. Pontoons are furnished by the above company at Lachine.

STEAM YACHTS FOR CHARTER.

C. W. Crossmon..	Capt. H. W. Visger.
Edith.....	Capt. E. W. Visger,
Nightingale.....	Capt. H. S. Johnston.
Valetta.....	Capt. Charles Bright.
Minnie.....	Capt. W. T. Westcott.
Lucille.....	Capt. David Wagoner.
H. R. Clark.....	Capt. J. M. Comstock.
R. H. Southgate.....	Capt. D. Springer.
Ella.....	J. H. Oliphant (owner).
Franklin..	Capt. F. Hunt.
Sirius.....	Andrew Duryea.
Nettie.....	Capt. W. E. Smith.
Alert.....	Capt. H. S. Johnston.
Juniata....	Capt. James Rattray.
Daisy.....	A. A. Layare.



SMALL YACHT EXCURSIONS.

For those who wish to hire a yacht and simply cruise among the islands there is plentiful variety as to route. The following trips may be especially recommended, all of which may be made from either of the great tourist hotels about equally well.

To "Halliday's," on the Kingston route, to the Old Fort Carleton Island, on the Cape Vincent route, to Gananoque via Eel Bay, to Fiddler's Elbow and the Lost Channel, upon the Daily Island excursion route

To the "Lake of the Isles," via Westminster Park, to "The Rift," a narrow and romantic stream connecting the Canadian Channel with the Lake of the Isles. It forms the national boundary line and one may toss an apple from the United States into Canada across the rivulet.

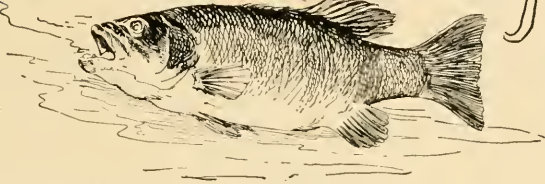
This season yachts drawing $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 feet of water can pass through with care. A quaint feature of the Rift is the little church upon the Canadian side, the work of an earnest but somewhat odd clerical genius, who presides over the spiritual affairs of the few island families who live in the vicinity.



AT ORIOLE POINT IN THE RIFT.
Canada and the United States.

Ogdensburg is within the range of a day's steam yachting, and a pleasant trip may be made along the main shore of the American side below Alexandria Bay to Cedar Island and Chippewa Bay. Shoals are numerous hereabout, and a good pilot is needed.

GAME FISHING AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS



A trim, true cedar boat, the handsomest afloat,
With center-board and sail, and nickeled locks on rail.

That's the craft.

An island-studded stream, fair as an artist's dream,
O'er reedy beds to drag, on rocky shoals to lag.

That's the place.

A fluted silver spoon, as lustrous as full moon,
Which bears the name of Skinner, or else a lively minnow.

That's the bait.

A sudden, savage bite, from fish as dark as night,
See there! He's fighting yet, tho' in the landing-net.

That's that bass.

The oarsman's skill is praised. His hand to heaven is raised.
It holds a small, black bottle. A gurgle in his throttle.

That's the stuff.

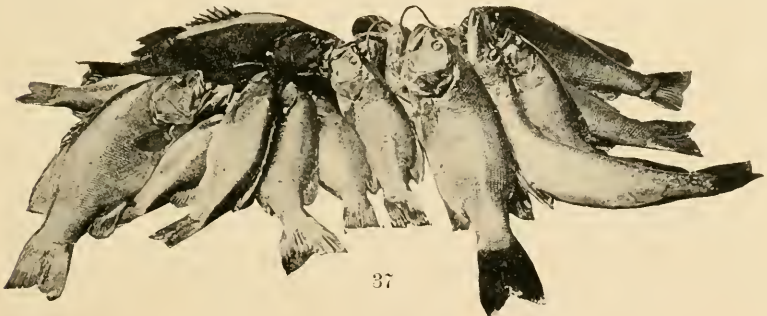
W. SCHACHTEL.

The oarsman is also your cook, and you'll like his cooking. A reference to the map will indicate a large number of good dining places, but, as a matter of fact there are thousands of cozy nooks in the myriad channels where boats may be landed and a dinner fire safely started. No excursionist, fishing upon his own account should build a fire. In so doing he assumes a heavy and sometimes costly responsibility.

At your hotel a lunch of substantial character will be supplied free of charge. It should be ordered the previous evening. The boatman should get this, and also the minnows for bait, the latter being extra. Lake shiners or brook minnows, which are plump, large and black on the backs, should be taken if possible, but are often unobtainable. As a general thing the boatmen are honest and reliable, but it is well to be on guard against the "minnow sharp." Poor bait wastes the angler's time and disturbs his pleasure.

AN ISLAND DINNER.

The writer feels it to be a matter of duty to beg that the stranger who may read this while at the Islands, will not depart until he or she has known the joys of an Island dinner. This is the one thing that will bring the visitor back in other years. The charms of tranquil scenery may be forgotten, but the memory of the appetite that day, and that dinner of freshly caught fish, broiled under the



shade of the trees and served beside the lapping waters, will always be preserved. It is best to join a little party of congenial people and engage a steam yacht with a boat and oarsman for each couple. Then the best fishing grounds and wildest portions of the islands may be reached, but if this can not be done, hire an oars-



GETTING DINNER.

man who has a good, clean boat. To the timid it may be well to say that the St. Lawrence river skiff used in this section is about the safest boat in the world, and there is no remembered instance of a drowning case, when a professional oarsman was in charge of the craft. The price charged by the boatman for his boat and services is \$3.00 per day.



LOVE vs. FISHING.
From painting by Frank H. Taylor.)

THE ISLANDS IN MIDSUMMER.

The sky there blushes a rosy tint,
Where rays of sunshine the morning glint;
And the sheen of the moon, when evening bends,
In brilliant lustre to earth descends.
The stars then glitter with gayer beams
When night lets her drapery fall in dreams,
And the links that fetter our fancy break
As we gaze on the wonders, but half awake.

Sir Launfal, starting on his pilgrimage in search of the Holy Grail, could not have looked upon days more "rare" than these. One's spiritual barometer rises with a glorious rush as one drinks in with a deep breath this pure, sweet air, full of heavenly, health-giving qualities as revivifying to city folk as draughts of sunshine wine.

Forgotten is white-shrouded winter with his gray pall of clouds and his biting breath. Next winter seems a long way off, and we turn our thoughts from it as from an unpleasant premonition. Winter never is more cheerless than when thought of under the spell of those midsummer days.

But what need to think of blizzards when summer, glad, bounteous summer is here—a balm to the weary, a rest to the heavy laden? We poor comers, poor with the poverty of energies expended in the toils or the pleasures of our winter lives, have reason each year to count these Thousand Isles among our greatest mercies. The deep restfulness of the kaleidoscopic life which we can enter into or not, as the spirit moves, the enchanting natural beauties all about, of which one wearies not, are delightful factors likely to prolong life and sweeten it with a foretaste of heaven.

The joyful return of old Islanders to their summer nests with fresh ideas of summer life, the coming of new ones to new homes with enthusiastic voice and eye for everything and everybody, go to make much of the charm of this paradise of places—or, rather, this place of paradises. Nature and art have worked most amiably and happily together here, and a sail or row from isle to isle must be convincing proof that such a combination of forces is the happiest and most comfortable.

No doubt there was a charm in the primitive quiet of this dream realm, with its pellucid waters and its birch bark canoe, Indian-laden, but there is far more of beauty, grace and life in these poetic summer homes, or in the steam yacht with its merry excursionists. The *St. Lawrence* was never so grand and fair as *now*—happy now.

The wondrous summer beauties of the isles are not all. Can we leave unmentioned, the attractiveness of their summer guests, young and old? How many are the strong friendships made here which it has been a joy to maintain! How many pleasant memories have been stored away to serve as brighteners to winter hours of discontent!

Gay escapades and camp-fire scenes have retained an after glow of life and fun sufficient to bring a smile whenever thought of. Quiet talks, the influences of which go far beyond the hour and help one over hard places in less sunny days: lazy floatings with a much-loved friend, or a chance harmonious acquaintance who knows when to talk and when to be silent—these, and more,—much more, make up the enchanting summer life among our peerless Thousand Isles.

Who would not swear allegiance to such a realm and devote his best energies to the promotion of its welfare, telling of its attractions, with lip and pen, to all mankind, that they be moved to come, and see, and taste?

BREEZES.

Oh weel I mind, oh weel I mind,
Tho' now my locks are snow,
How oft langsyne I sought to find
What made the bellows blow!
How, cuddling on my grannie's knee,
I questioned night and day,
And still the thing that puzzled me
Was, where the wind came frae.

Not the least interesting of the daily processes of out-door nature among the islands is the question of wind. Indeed, there does not seem any room for question, at least during July and August :

for the midday breeze from the West is about as regular an institution as dinner, varied, to be sure, at rare intervals with a 'norther,' which comes down upon us from Labrador as cool and often as fierce, in its way, as the prototype which lashes the lonely waters of the Gulf of Mexico into a fury and drives the thin-blooded sons of the Aztecs further into their zerapes. The St. Lawrence breeze is an important asset in the sum of advantages

the region has to offer. It sweeps down across the broad bosom of Ontario and effectually stimulates the indolent and perhaps tired occupants of the piazzas into a desire for action. It forms a conspiracy with the sun to tan the wan cheek of the city girl and the hands of the piscatorially inclined clerk.

To the boatman it is a joy, for he can then drop his oars and up with his "sprit."

It sways the hammock and renders Æolian music through the nodding pines.

It makes people hungry. Each morning and evening is a blessed calm. The interval is given to the increase and decline of the winds.

Much of the time it is too fresh in the open reaches between the islands for small craft, which must hover behind the lea of headlands until it is



THOUSAND ISLAND RACING SKIFF.

passed. There are grand days in early September when even the staunch steamboats that run upon the local circuits between Cape Vincent or Clayton and the "Bay" have a hard time of it.

Then the great green billows advance in stately array, curling over the shoals and beating ineffectually against the rocky exposures of the islands.

Then there is the capricious and coquettish breeze which sometimes comes along after a hot day, and tempts people to sail away for miles, with the promise of an equally easy return, and then turns and blows "dead ahead," against which they must pull or tack back again.

Little betrayals of this kind are readily forgiven, however, for Boreas is our best servant, take him all in all, and if our daily plans conform to his inclination, we get along with him with very little trouble; for, remembering that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," it is pretty certain that somebody's ends are served, no matter from what quarter it may blow.

AUTUMN DAYS.

The fairest time of all may be
September's golden days.
Press on, though summer waneth,
And falter not for fear;
For God can make the autumn
The glory of the year.

Springtime and summer are each beautiful in their own particular way, but among these northern lake lands all the months that have gone before lead up to September, while the two that succeed bring us back from the dreams that we have dreamed for a month, and lead us by gentle steps down to the endurance of bitter cold, the changes not only of seasons, but in human affairs and lives which must intervene before another perfect spell shall rest like a benison upon these waters again, and once more find us (so let us hope) floating idly upon the quiet flood now but seldom furrowed by the speeding steam yacht, or broken by the cumbrous, laboring tow-boat.

It is now that the breezes come so softly over the mirrored waters that they do not even break the enamel of the surface—breezes as warm and sensuous as the zephyrs that sweep among the palm-fronds in Carribbean forests, or waft along the parti-colored sails of the Adriatic.

Now each inlet is mirrored in a reverse duplicate. It is now that in minnow-land a rumor grows that the summer fishermen, who have cruelly impaled myriads of their fellows upon barbed and barbarous hooks, have gone away, and that it is safe to seek the haunts of June.

In September, the boatman who still keeps on fishing, not so much because he wants fish, as from the impulse of habit, mourns that the noble pickerel, and nobler muscallonge he throws upon the dock at evening, call no admiring concourse of city folks around them.

About this time the late and unfashionable cottager who stays, lets his soul go out in commiseration of those who do not.

Now is it that, floating along, we presently discover unsuspected reefs and caverns in the sunlit depths of the river.

The ducks, too, begin to appear in pairs, quartettes and dozens, and toward evening, as the cool north wind freshens, the plaintive note of the loon comes, like the last despairing cry of the drowning, from the gathering gloom.

Now comes the time when the fire-place, hitherto esteemed solely for its decorative effect, assumes an important part in the domestic belongings. There is the magic of great content in drawn curtains and only the light of fitful flames and the glowing embers of well-seasoned hickory.

There is good cheer in the little circle which gathers around the camp-fire now, and song follows song or story until well nigh midnight.

Standing upon the hillside along the half-tilled main-shore the islands are seen, morning, noon and night, dimly through the soft haze, floating in an infinitude of distance.

Perfect days—golden links in the chain of the year. Full gladness seems to pervade the earth : death, sorrow and all evil things seem banished until a more fitting time shall remind us that we are mortal.

GEOGRAPHICAL ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Jefferson County is situated in the northern part of the State, and is bounded as follows : Northeast by St. Lawrence County, northwest by St. Lawrence River, west by Lake Ontario, south by Oswego County and east by Lewis County. The superficial area of the county is 733,585 acres, or eleven hundred and forty-six square miles.

The special features of the county are Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. The main indentations of the lake are the Black River (formerly called Hungry) Bay, Chaumont, Henderson and Griffin's Bays. Black River Bay is located in the town of Sacket's Harbor, and is not surpassed by any on the upper lakes for capacity, depth of water and safety. It is completely landlocked and surrounded by a bold escarpment of Trenton limestone, varying from the water's edge to thirty feet in height. Henderson, Chaumont, Griffin's, and a small inlet called Three Mile Bay, are arms of Black River Bay ; all included cover an area of about sixty square miles.

The principal islands attached to the county are Wells, Grindstone and Carlton islands, in the St. Lawrence, and Grenadier, Galloo and Stony islands in Lake Ontario. Besides these there are many smaller ones, including a number at the mouth of the Black River and in Chaumont bays, and a portion of the archipelago known as the "Thousand Islands," in the River St. Lawrence. Among the most prominent headlands and capes are Stony Point Sixtown Point, Pillar Point, Point Peninsula and Tibbett's Point. There are at least twenty small lakes in the county, of which ten are in the towns of Theresa and Alexandria.



four in Ellisburg, two in Antwerp, two in Henderson, and one each in Orleans and Pamela, Champion and Rutland. The largest is Butterfield Lake, lying between Theresa and Alexandria, and is about four miles in length. The next of importance are Perch Lake, in Orleans and Pamela, which is nearly three miles in length, and Pleasant Lake in Champion, which is about two miles long. The county is almost wholly drained by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The most important of the interior streams is Black River, which drains about one-fourth part of the country, passing through a little south of the center. This stream furnishes a very large amount of water power; it being estimated as high as one hundred and thirty-five thousand three hundred and sixty horse-power in the dry season, within the county alone. The other principal streams are Indian River, a branch of the Oswegatchie; Chaumont River, flowing into Chaumont Bay; Perch River, which drains Perch Lake and discharges into Black River Bay; the two branches of Sandy Creek, in the south part of the county; Stony Creek in Henderson and Adams; and Mill Creek in Hounsfield; the last four flowing into Lake Ontario south of Black River.

ORIGIN OF LOCAL NAMES.

Upon old maps of Northern New York the name of Castorland appears. It was a city upon paper, located eight miles north of Lowville upon the Utica and Black River Railroad, where trains stop for meals, and, indeed, still figures as a station upon the time-table of that line.

In or about the year 1793, a French traveler, named James D. Le Ray de Chaumont, came to the St. Lawrence. He was doubtless one of the same family of Protestant Chaumonts of which a member was saved from the galleys, through the humane influence of Voltaire, whither he had been condemned for religion's sake.

This traveler was concerned in the promotion of an ideal colony, the prospectus issued in Paris which set forth in the most glowing terms the splendid future of the region, under the influence of which many French people, like their countrymen who pinned their faith to George Law's greater Louisiana bubble, either emigrated to this promised land or freely bought its bonds. The fever for emigration, too, was undoubtedly stimulated by the disordered political conditions surrounding the throne of Louis XIV., and which in that year resulted in his execution. Chaumont, who verified his own faith in the region by coming hither with his family, has done much to impress his individuality upon the river in the names he bestowed upon leading points, and which are still preserved.

Alexandria Bay was named by him after a daughter, and here, it is recorded, that J. D. Le Ray (the Chaumont having been dropped under republican influences) built the first tavern in 1818.

Cape Vincent was named in honor of the son of de Chaumont, and Theresa, after another daughter. Chaumont Bay perpetuates the memory of the enterprising Frenchman himself.

The village of Clayton, originally French Creek, was called Cornelia until 1823, when it was rechristened Clayton, presumably in honor of the Delaware Senator of that name.

OLD FORT CARLETON.

Fort Carleton stands upon a commanding plateau looking towards the blue waters of the lake. Projected from its base is a peninsula which spreads to the right and left like the letter "T," thus forming two charming bays. Upon this projection are built several pretty cottages, and the summer club-houses of merry coteries from Utica and Ithaca.

The American Channel is at this point nearly, or quite, two miles in width. The dreaded "Feather-bed Shoals" are spread like coral reefs over most of its width, proving anything but a feather-bed to the unhappy mariner who strikes them. The deep water is close under the shadow of the fort. Its admirable site will thus be appreciated.

Several huge stone chimneys, the only features seen from the river, still mark the site of former barracks and cook houses. A single oak timber of the sally-port still bridges the trench; hardy shrubbery grows where the officers' quarters stood, and a well, wide and deep, hides truth beneath tons of debris, thrown into its open mouth by generations of wide mouthed yokels and careless travelers. We are told that beneath the clear waters of the northwest bay we may see the frame of a gunboat, scuttled and sunk here once upon a time. The view from the grassy earthwork is superb. The wide beginning of the St. Lawrence is all before us, and far beyond rests Ontario. Cape Vincent shimmers in the summer heat five miles away. Fishing parties dot the shoals, clouds of white canvas are spread from the tall spars of trading schooners, and, perchance, a grain steamer from Detroit stains the horizon with the black vapor from her soft-coal fuel. Upon this beautiful spot Carleton Island Park has been established by Messrs. Folger Bros., the well-known steamboat managers of Kingston, Canada, and Mr. S. B. Hance, of Cape Vincent, and considerable has already been done in the way of improvement.



OLD FORT CARLETON.

FROM THE ISLANDS TO THE LACHINE.

In leaving the Thousand Islands for Montreal upon the steamer as she comes along in the morning, the wise tourist, should he have breakfasted before coming upon board, will select a comfortable outlook fore or aft, and gathering his coterie (if blessed with friends upon his travels), will adjust himself and them for a long and quiet all day's ride.

Scattering islands, many of them quite as wild as when the white man first voyaged here, are passed all the way down to Brockville, where the Thousand Island system terminates in a group called the "Three Sisters."

Brockville is a substantial Canadian city of 7,000 people. It is one hundred and twenty-six miles from Montreal by the river. The reader will

note the large number of fine private properties along the rugged river front, both above and below the town. Immediately opposite is the American town of Morristown, which is upon the line of the R. W. & O. R. R.

Fourteen miles beyond, the Canadian town of Prescott and the American city of Ogdensburg stand vis-a-vis upon the banks of the river. Prescott has a population of about 3,000, and bears the solid air for which all Canadian towns are famous. A railway connects the St. Lawrence at this point with Ottawa, the Canadian capital.



ONE OF THE MONTREAL BOATS.

Travelers to whom the voyage down the rapids is familiar, will find the rail trip to Ottawa and steamer voyage down the wild and beautiful Ottawa a very diverting experience.

Ogdensburg, the largest and most affluent place in northern New York, merits more than a passing notice. It is the focal point of three lines of railroads, and a depot for a vast transshipment of grain and lumber from the West.

Five miles below Ogdensburg is Chimney Island, where vestiges of French fortifications still exist, and immediately below are the first of the series of rapids, the Gallopes, and shortly thereafter the Rapide de Plat is met. Neither of these swift places are especially exciting, but they serve as a preliminary to the great Long Sault (pronounced long sou), which is next in order. A long reach of smooth water intervenes, however, during which we pass the small American town of Waddington and the attractive Canadian city of Morrisburg. Just below this place is the battlefield of Chrisler's Farm, where an engagement occurred in 1813, between British

and American forces, while the latter were marching to the capture of Montreal and Quebec.

Over upon the American side is Massena Landing, whence a stage connecting with a steam ferry runs to the fine old medicinal resort known as Massena Springs, which, aside from its picturesque and healthful location, the excellent Hatfield House, and good fishing, boasts remarkably strong and potent sulphur waters.

Below this point the steamer, well fitted for her daily task of breasting the wild surges of the rapids, turns in the swift current, and a mile ahead the passengers see the white, stormy waters of the Long Sault stretching from shore to shore. Now the real fun begins. There is a sudden hush to the monotone of the steamer's pulsations. We are in the grasp of the current. Extra men are at the wheel, and others are aft in charge of a spare tiller. If you are inclined to be nervous now, remember that steamers have been going down here ever since 1840, and no passenger vessel has ever been wrecked in the rapids.

The first plunge is over a cascade at "the cellar," and is exhilarating. We are no sooner into the vast expanse of broken waters than fresh sensations await us. Look at the shore! Heavens, how we slide along. Now across our way a vast green billow, like the oncoming surge of the ocean upon soundings after a nor'easter, disputes our passage. It is of the beautiful green where the sunlight shows through its wedge-like cap that one sees upon the coral beds of Nassau, or at the deep center of the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara, or in drug store jars. It does not rise and fall, advance and recede. It simply stands there forever, a vast wall of water through which we cleave our way with a fierce brief struggle, only to meet a second, a third, a fourth like wave beyond. Guide books have falsely told a generation that the Long Sault is nine miles in length. It is supposable that the first guide-book writer was told this by a reckless deckhand, and recording it, it has been taken as gospel by every subsequent cribbing guide-book writer who has touched upon the subject.

The veritable rapids are scarce a mile and a half in length, but there is a continuance of reasonably swift water for several miles further. The actual fight between the steamer and the angry billows is over in less than three minutes.

The important town of Cornwall, where several large factories are situated, is shortly seen upon the Canadian shore. From this point to Dickinson's Landing, eleven miles above, a canal is built, to enable vessels to return up the river. Similar canals are built around each of the rapids, and are excellent examples of thoroughly good engineering.

After leaving Cornwall we bid good-by to American soil, for here the "compromise line," forming the national boundary just north of the forty-fifth parallel, intersects the river.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that this line exists through a faulty original survey. During the administration of Tyler in '42, a boundary commission, consisting of Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, it was found that a true line on the parallel would throw several American

towns, including Rouse's Point, into Canada, and it was wisely arranged to leave the line as originally found.

Four miles below Cornwall the Indian village of St. Regis is noted upon the right shore. The boundary line is said to bisect the place. The inhabitants, like all of the aboriginal remnants in the French Canadian country, are all devout Catholics, and the good curé is the highest authority they know.

As the good steamer emerges upon the broad Lake St. Francis, dinner is announced, and the reader may safely forego his outlook for a time, as the transit of the lake will occupy an hour and a half at least, as it is twenty-five miles long.

Over upon the left shore of the lake stands the village of Lancaster, and when the river tires of its breathing spell, while loitering in the guise of a lake, and resolves to be a river once more, it dashes off impetuously just after leaving the village of Coteau du Lac, which you have just seen peeping above the trees, and carries us headlong down the "Coteau Rapids," which are about two miles long, then the "Cedars," three miles, and the "Cascades," of which the Split Rock Rapid is the most formidable and dangerous looking. At the Coteau we pass under the great international bridge recently completed. There is enough, indeed within the score of miles covering this part of the day's experience to afford excitement and interest for a year of ordinary travel. The village at the foot of the Cascades is Beauharnois, and now a second lake is met, as if the river dreaded the final plunge down the famous Lachine. Lake St. Peter is about twelve miles across to the village of Lachine, which, in turn, is about nine miles from Montreal.

AND NOW THE LACHINE!

The sun sinks in yon western sea of gold,
Among the isles of amethyst fringed with fire,
Against whose glory—purple, clear and cold—
Stand roof and bridge and cathedral spire.

"There's Mount Royal," says a passenger, as we sit upon the forward deck.

We see in the blue distance its bold outline traced against the mellow northern sky, the profile of the promontory, and from its base, a thin, wide cloud of smoke drifting away from the city. Smoke escaping from a thousand chimneys, the funnels of great steamships, and all the fuel-consuming devices of a great industrial center.

Mount Royal is hardly less imposing than the rugged promontory of Quebec, which we are to visit later.

The village of Lachine, now robbed of much of its commercial importance (for it was, before the canal was built, the distributing and loading-point for all the vast marine traffic of the interior), is now simply a picturesque suburb of the city. Its origin is as old as that of the city itself. The hardy discoverers, zealous Jesuits, and ambitious leaders who sought to perfect a cordon of outposts that should check both Spanish and Anglo-Saxon progress westward, managed to earn, through their intrigues with the Hurons, Algonquins and Ottawas, and by bad faith with the Iroquois,

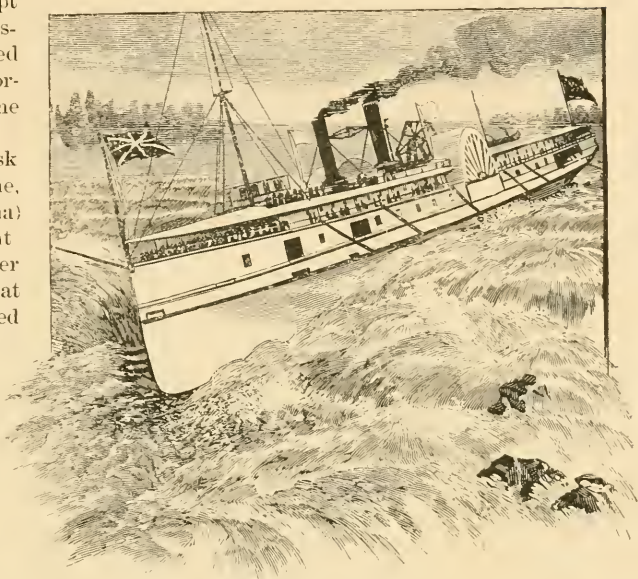
the hatred of this latter warlike and powerful people, and in the year 1689—a terrible item among the long list of aboriginal cruelties then perpetrated—the pretty village was destroyed and its entire population butchered in a single night, except about one hundred prisoners, who were carried across the river and tortured at the stake the following night.

The reader may ask why the curious name, *La Chine* (The China) is applied to this point. It is said that the earlier voyagers believed that the St. Lawrence opened a way to the Pacific, and therefore to the Flowery Kingdom.

From the deck of the steamer the passenger may see the bold outline, standing out against the sunset, of a huge stone watch-tower, and

if close enough the crumbling remains of two stone forts, built to protect the settlements along Lake St. Louis from the savages.

Onward forges our speedy craft, and ere long the troubled waters of Lachine are seen far ahead, a snowy breastwork across our path. The lake is again a river. We are abreast the village of Lachine where the canal from Montreal *debouchés* into the St. Lawrence. The muddy Ottawa pours its tide into the pure blue waters in which we have voyaged since morning, as the Missouri pollutes the Mississippi. At the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga, a hamlet of the remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants, the pilot comes aboard. Here is another new bridge spanning the river built by the great Canadian Pacific Line. The tourists, warned by every writer upon the topic of the rapids, throng to the starboard as the steamer's paddles cease to revolve, and watch with interest the energetic rowing of a couple of Indian boatmen in a bateau. A heavily-built, swarthy man paddles at the stern. He is the essence of good nature. We are drifting steadily down toward the rapid. The heavy man clambers up the guards, the bell signals "go ahead," and the Indian pilot takes supreme command at the wheel, assisted by an apprentice Indian, on whom his mantle will fall some day. The white steersmen light their pipes and enjoy their respite from duty. Are the Indians really a necessity? *Quien sabe*. It is the custom of the river, and the passengers remember the incident when every other feature of the trip is hazy and



DOWN THE LACHINE.

covered with the dust of forgetfulness that gathers over the events of by-gone years. A little while later and we are in the vortex. The current grows swifter and swifter. All the bosom of the river is covered with reefs and rocks. All the mighty outpouring of the stream is pent up in a single channel. The boat heads this way and that, then the bottom of the river seems to fall out. Down we plunge! and onward, straight toward a rocky islet! Which side? Just as destruction seems imminent, the vessel sweeps round to the right and shoots like an arrow between two sunken ledges. We are through and may look back up the watery hill we have descended, and admire the courage of the men who first navigated this wonderful channel. In the slack water just upon the edge of the racing current which still bears us on are Indians fishing placidly from dug-out or birch canoes.

The once marvelous Victoria Bridge comes into view. In a few moments we steam beneath it and swing around the dangerous shoals that bar the terminus of deep water navigation, and heading up stream are speedily at the lock, within which, as the steamer rises to the upper level, the passengers are delivered over to the tender mercies of the coachies and "bus" men. But be not afraid, for there is a uniform rate of twenty-five cents for coach fare here, and you will not be swindled. You are no longer in the free and glorious domain of Uncle Sam.

MONTREAL.

Montreal is the brightest, busiest, and most metropolitan of Canadian cities. It has a population of 140,000. Below the Lachine Rapid, the river becomes navigable for the largest sea-going vessels, and the wharves of the city are lined with great steamships. Montreal dates its beginning about 1535. In 1750 the English gained Montreal from the French.

Many of the streets in the lower or older portion of the city have an intensely French appearance. Upon the elevated hills more remote from the river, the fine homes of the wealthy class are found. In walking or riding about the city, the stranger cannot fail in being struck with the solidity and massive effect of many public and corporate buildings. They seem to stand as an evidence of the endurance of the British character wherever found.

Places of general interest are not wanting in Montreal. Upon Great St. James Street, the Post Office and Bank of British North America attract attention. Upon Notre Dame Street stands the Court House, and near by is the old Government House.

The Nelson Monument, time-stained but dignified, stands at the head of Jacques Cartier Square.

The favorite promenade is the Champs de Mars. Military music may be often enjoyed here during summer evenings.

Bonsecours Market is one of the finest structures in the city.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is said to be the largest church edifice in America. The view from its tower is well worth the fatigue of the ascent. Montreal College, Jesuits' College, McGill College, the English Cathedral, are all well worth the stranger's attention.

The hackney system of Montreal is uniform and cheap, a fact that the authorities of many American cities might learn to advantage.

The Windsor,

MONTREAL.

G. W. SWETT, MANAGER.



PALATIAL IN ITS CONSTRUCTION AND APPOINTMENTS; - - - -
LUXURIOUS AND HOMELIKE IN ITS FURNISHINGS; - - - -
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THE "CHAMPS ELYSEES" OF MONTREAL.

TOURISTS will greatly enhance the pleasure of their visit to Montreal and be in close proximity to the points of interest by staying at the "WINDSOR."

RATES—\$4.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

Rooms secured in advance, free of charge, by applying to

R. L. MOSELEY, AGENT,

AT NEWS STAND OR MARSDEN HOUSE, "ALEXANDRIA BAY."

**ELECTRIC CARS PASS THE DOORS FOR ALL PARTS OF THE CITY
AND DEPOTS.**

The visitor should by all means enjoy the drive to the summit and around Mount Royal Park.

Montreal deserves well of the traveling public because of her exceptionally excellent hotels. The great Windsor Hotel, located in the most attractive portion of the city, is well-known to all Americans who pass through the Canadian metropolis. It has few equals, in all points of excellence, upon the continent.

The Balmoral Hotel, upon Notre Dame St., one block from Victoria Square, has been re-fitted during the past winter at a very large outlay: electricity, and improved sanitary appliances have been introduced throughout.

Travelers, however accustomed to the luxury of great American and European hotels, will find little to criticise at either of these fine houses.

HISTORICAL.

Jacques Cartier, known as "the corsair," a native of St. Malo, departed from that port upon his second voyage to the mysterious coast of Labrador, in the spring of 1535, and upon August 10th, St. Lawrence's day, entered the broad bay which forms the *debouchere* of the great river of the north.

Cartier sailed up the river to the island which was afterwards known as Orleans, near Quebec: and on October 2d. approached the Indian village, Hochelaga. The following day he visited the mountain near the village, and named it Mount Royal—afterwards known as Montreal. In this way the "great river of Canada" became first known to Europe.

In the early maps and reports, the name of the river varies. It is called the "River of Hochelaga:" "The River of the Iroquois:" "The Cadaraqui;" "The great river of Canada." But the name first given by Cartier to the St. Johns finally prevailed; and as the discovery of Menendez is commemorated by "St. Augustine." So the great river which Cartier first saw, retained the name of the patron saint of the day on which he discovered it.

QUEBEC.

The picturesque "walled city of the north" is so near Montreal, that tourists who have reached the latter point, very generally continue down by rail or steamer, to spend a day or so among its numerous places of interest. the upper town is built upon a promontory under the shadow of its lofty citadel.

It is here that the shops and best residences, as well as the provincial government buildings are located.

Dufferin Terrace affords a grand view of the river and there is a fine drive to the Plains of Abraham the scene of the great battle between the forces of Wolfe and Montcalm, in the course of which both commanders were fatally wounded.

Another drive leads down through the old town and along the Beauport road to the Falls of Montmorenci.

The St. Louis Hotel is located in the heart of the upper city and is, *par excellence*, the tourist hotel of Lower Canada.

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One of the most
Central & Elegant
Furnished Hotels
in the City
Accommodation for 400 guests



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RATES
\$2.00 to \$3.00
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THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN REFITTED DURING THE PAST
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AND IS TO-DAY THE FINEST EQUIPPED, BEST LIGHTED AND
MOST COMFORTABLE HOTEL IN CANADA. TOURISTS VISITING
MONTREAL WILL FIND THE

 **BALMORAL** 

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UP TO THE TIMES IN EVERY RESPECT. OUR RATES ARE
AS LOW AS AT ANY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. STRICT ATTENTION
WILL BE PAID TO TELEGRAMS ORDERING ROOMS TO BE
HELD.

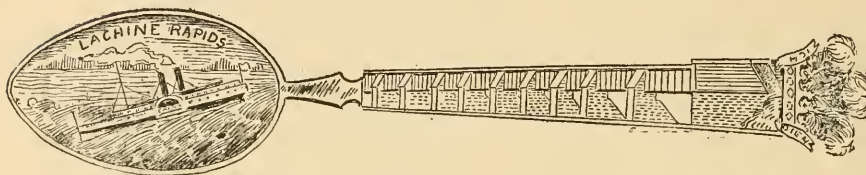
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The "HISTORICAL
PATRIOTIC" Spoon,
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"DO WITHOUT SPOONS," IMPOSSIBLE!!!



The only Truly Canadian Spoon—"Le Canuck" Spoon. Do not leave the city without one. Another beautiful souvenir is the "Lachine Rapid Combination" Spoon, reminding you of your trip down the "St. Lawrence." These are leaders and beautifully got up. We have also an immense variety of other designs, such as the Victoria; Prince of Wales; Windsor; St. Lawrence; Mount Royal; Beaver and Maple Combination; Snow Shoe and Toboggan; Lacrosse National; Patriotic; Coat of Arms; St. Peter's Cathedral; Notre Dame Cathedral; Bow Knots; Canadian Coin, Salts and Coffees, etc.

Spoons, ranging in price, from 50 cents upwards.

ORANGE,
TEA AND
COFFEE

SPOONS

ALL
STERLING
SILVER.

Our designs are original and tastily got up. There are some poor imitations in the city of some of our spoons. *Be sure and get the originals from*

Splendidly assorted stock of Novelties for Tourists, in exclusive designs. Diamonds at temptingly low prices.

SOUVENIR RINGS.

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COCHENTHALER,

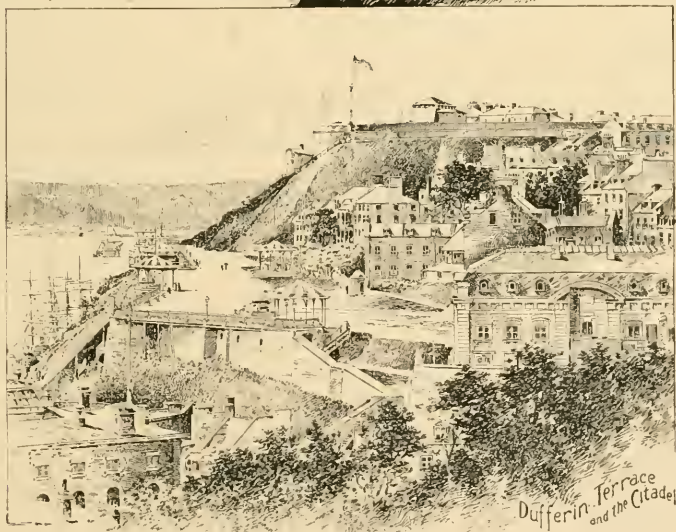
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MONTREAL.

"Beautiful and brilliant" our stock of Diamonds. We have a splendid selection at temptingly low prices.

There are some excellent stores in Quebec and the attention of ladies is especially called to that of Mr Cochenthaler, the great dealer in souvenir spoons, and of G. R. Renfrew & Co., leading furriers, who enjoy a large trade with American visitors.



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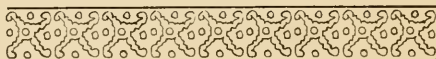
QUEBEC, CANADA.

* * * * *



- - - The St. Louis is the most delight-
 - fully situated and only strictly first-class
 - hotel in the city, being only 100 yards
 - from the famous Dufferin Terrace, from
 - which the grandest view in the known
 - world may be had, and within 5 minutes
 - of all R. R. Stations and Steamboat
 - Landings. - - - - -
 - Cuisine is unexcelled in Canada. - -
 - Rooms are large and airy, and command
 - a magnificent view from the windows of
 - the river and valley. - - - - -

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FURRIERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

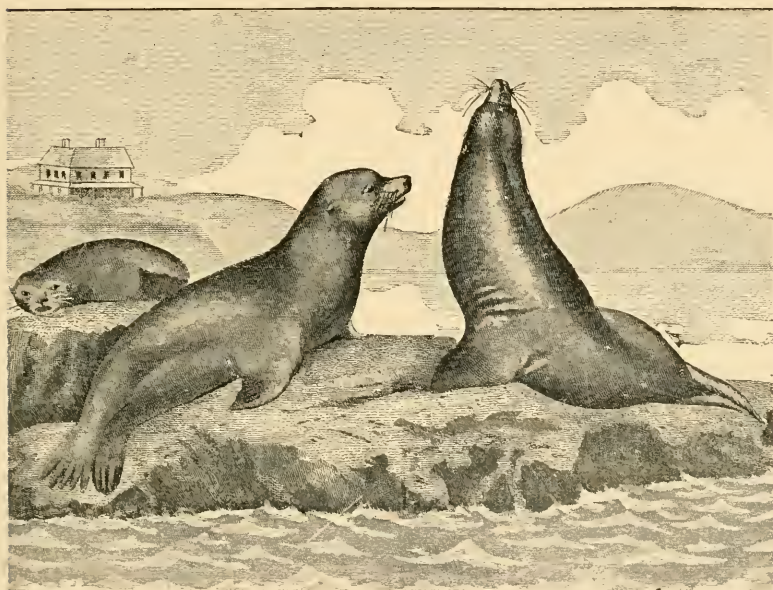
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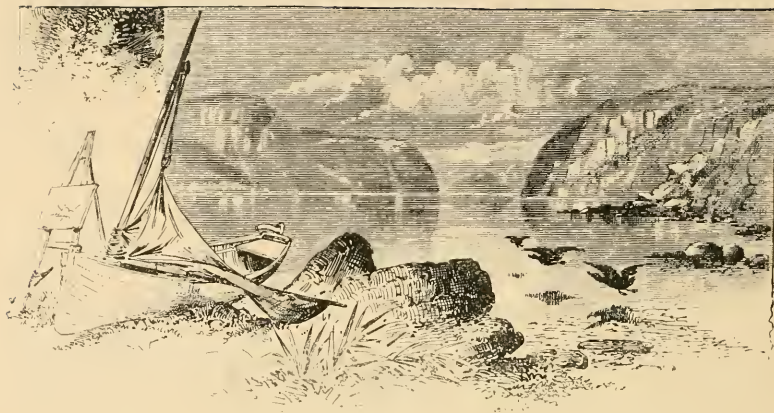
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EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN LADIES' SEALSKIN CAPES
AND COATS.



UPON THE SAGUENAY.

TO LAKE ST. JOHN AND THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

This season the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway opens its new extension to Chicoutimi.

This is a very important addition to the system, by which tourists will be offered a round trip, namely: from Quebec to Lake St. John and thence to Chicoutimi by rail, and down the Saguenay and back to Quebec by water, by the well-known steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.

It is no exaggeration to say that this trip, for grandeur of scenery, is unequalled in America.

The proposed arrangements for passenger service to the Saguenay commencing on 1st July, 1893, will be as follows:

Passengers will leave Quebec at 8.30 A. M., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Roberval, Lake St. John (190 miles), at 4.50 P. M. The train runs to the door of the new and magnificent Hotel Roberval, which has accommodation for 300 guests, and is equipped with luxurious furniture, hot and cold water baths, electric light, and every convenience of a first class city hotel. Here the traveler can enjoy an excellent dinner and a comfortable night's rest. And, if he does not desire to make a longer stay, he may take the train early next morning for Chicoutimi. The run to that town (64 miles) will be made in two hours and a half, over a well finished, well ballasted road, built in the most substantial manner, and thoroughly equipped. Two trains, each way, daily.

Trains will run to the steamboat wharf, at Chicoutimi, connecting with the magnificent Saguenay steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., which by special arrangement with the railway, will leave Chicoutimi daily, except Monday, but including Sunday, in July and August, 1893, on the arrival of the train from Roberval. The run down the Saguenay will be made by daylight, the steamer reaching Rivière du Loup at about three in the afternoon, where passengers may either drive to Cacouna Hotel, or take

trains for points on the Intercolonial Railway, or go on by steamer to Murray Bay and Quebec.

A longer stay at Roberval is, however, advised. In addition to excellent hotel accommodation, Lake St. John and the country surrounding it offer innumerable attractions.

The Hotel Roberval is run in connection, and is in daily communication, by steamer, with the "Island House," a new and commodious hotel built on an island of the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, in the center of "Ouananiche" (fresh water salmon) fishing grounds.

These hotels control the fishing rights of Lake St. John and tributaries, all of which are free to their guests.

The railway, from Quebec to Roberval, runs through a country of unsurpassed panoramic magnificence, which has been appropriately named the "Canadian Adirondacks."

The climate of Lake St. John is beautiful, and has been pronounced by leading physicians to be very beneficial for invalids. A substantial, elegantly equipped steel framed steamer, the "Mistassini" with a capacity for 400 passengers, runs on Lake St. John, especially for the service between Hotel Roberval and the fishing grounds of the Grand Discharge. Besides this most popular resort at the northern end of the road, there are numerous other places on the railway line, such as Lake St. Joseph, St. Raymond and Lake Edward (the later famous for the finest trout fishing in America), which are fully described in the folder, in a beautifully illustrated guide book, and in the several books and pamphlets issued by this company, copies of which are mailed free to applicants.

Passengers preferring to return to Quebec by rail may leave Chicoutimi daily, except Sunday, in the afternoon, and Roberval daily, except Saturday, at 8.30 P. M., arriving at Quebec at 6 A. M. daily, except Sunday.

All day trains are equipped with elegant parlor cars, and night trains with comfortable sleeping cars. Upwards of a million dollars have been expended in improving the main line since it was opened for traffic from Quebec to Roberval, in the way of reducing grades and curves, additional ballast, new rolling stock and in terminals at Quebec—and we can safely say that the road is one of the best finished and equipped lines in Canada.

THE HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.

The beautiful voyage up or down the peerless Hudson River upon either the "New York" or the "Albany," the splendid steamers of the "Day Line," may easily be included in any northern tour. Connection is made at Albany with the trains of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad from the Thousand Islands or the West, and also with trains of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad from Montreal, the Adirondacks, Lake George and Saratoga. Taken either as the initial feature of a tour from the metropolis, or as the final touch of a pleasure trip, it is always charming and restful. Foreign visitors returning from the Columbian Exposition are especially advised to arrange to make the return to New York via the "Day Line."



Opening of the Chicoutimi Extension, July 1, 1893.
THE NEW ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY,
AND THE

ONLY rail route to the delightful summer resorts north of Quebec, through the
CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars. Magnificent scenery. Beautiful Climate.

Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first-class accommodation for 300 guests. Daily communication by new fast steamer across the lake, with the Island House, the centre of the "Ouananiche" fishing grounds, which are free to guests of the hotels.

After July 1st, trains will connect daily at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers for Québec, daylight trip.

For information as to hotels, apply to hotel managers; for folders and guide books to ticket agents of all principal cities. A beautifully illustrated guide book free on application.

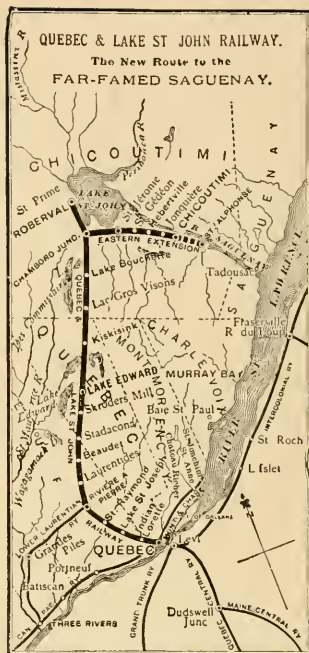
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St. Lawrence Hall, ✦

CACOUNA, P. Q.

Upon the Lake St. John and Saguenay tour in either direction, it is well worth while to stop off at Cacouna, upon the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and sojourn at the great St. Lawrence Hall, the principal hotel of the lower river.

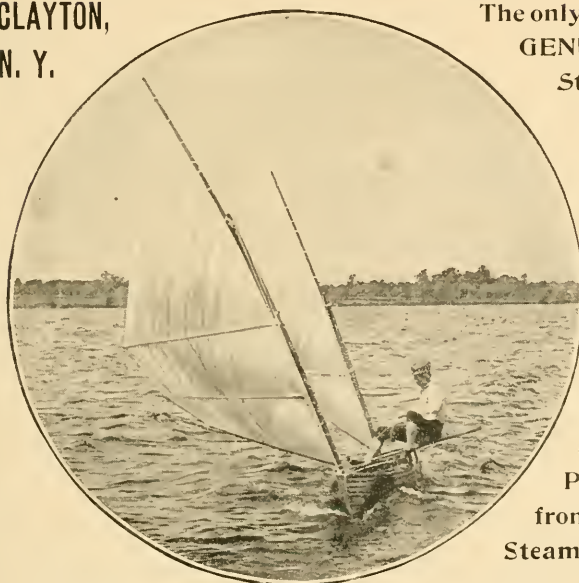
Of all the places of resort on the lower St. Lawrence none is more deservedly popular than Cacouna. Of the beauty of the position chosen for the Hall and the numerous villa residences, occupied chiefly by prominent families from the cities of Québec and Montreal, too much cannot be said. The wide expanse of the majestic river, with the grand Laurentine outline on the north shore, never ceases to charm the eye from the early morn until the last receding rays of the evening twilight. The gorgeous sunsets remind one of those witnessed from the summit of the Righi, or in the Bavarian Alps. Then again, there is always here an invigorating freshness in the air, so conducive to the restoration of health, and so grateful to those who have come down to escape the heated term. A thousand spots of sylvan beauty with shade are to be found along this ridge, the beautiful drive to River du Loup, the Portage and other places. In addition to all these natural advantages, there is a great charm in the social life which obtains here. Happy groups are to be found on the lawn tennis grounds of the private villas, thoroughly enjoying the game. The afternoons are generally devoted to the many drives in the neighborhood, and almost every evening are found assembled at the Hall a goodly number from the neighboring villas.

Cacouna is reached by either steamer or special train service from Montreal and Québec.

St. Lawrence River Skiff, † † † † Canoe & Steam Launch Co.

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The only builders of the
GENUINE FAMOUS
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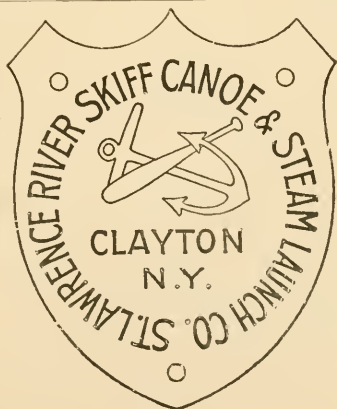
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*Visitors to the Thousand Islands
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The Bazar, Clayton.

**The Bijou Stand, Hotel Frontenac, Round
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Located midway between Thousand Island Park and Alexandria Bay and about three miles from the latter place, especially adapted to the accommodation of families. Excellent table service; telegraph, U. S. Post Office. Rates, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. Special rates by the week, Send for illustrated pamphlet.

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Mail orders receive our prompt
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FOR THE SEASON OF 1894.



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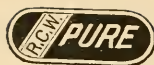


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The finest
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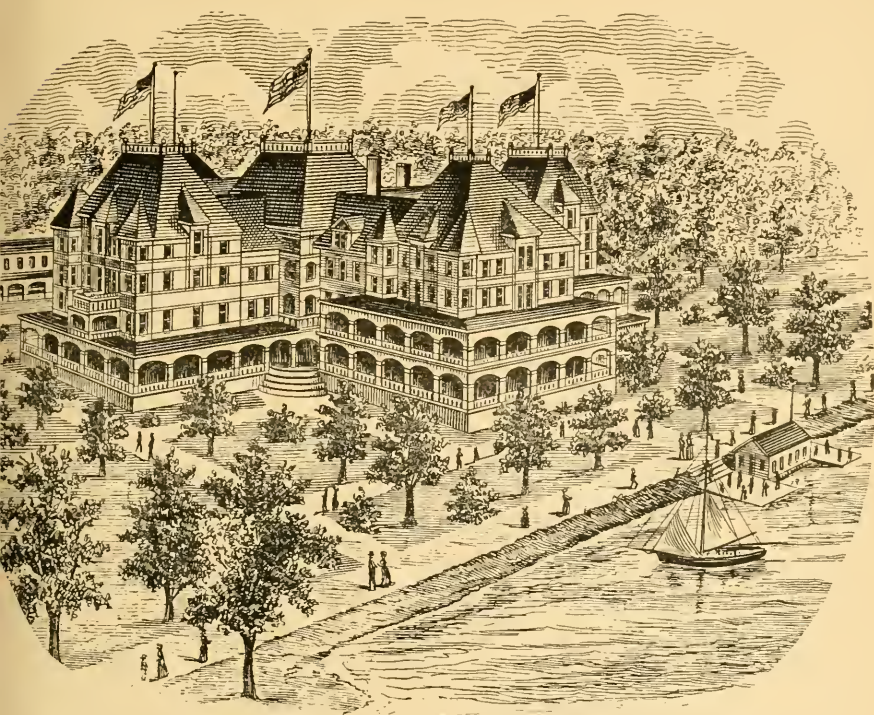
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The Columbian Hotel.

1000 ISLAND PARK, N. Y.

1893 ❖ SECOND SEASON ❖ 1893

A prettier hotel, or one better adapted to the needs of the traveling public, it would be hard to find on the river. Built in the form of a cross, it gives every guest an outside room, with plenty of air and a magnificent outlook. Stretching out from the lobby in which is situated the office, are four arms of the cross, with parlors, dining-rooms and parlor guest-rooms upstairs. The halls, flanked on each side with comfortably furnished bedrooms, lead out upon great, broad piazzas, from which can be had a splendid panorama of the river. The ceilings throughout are of steel, and the kitchen, a model of cleanliness, is fireproof. Each room is furnished with a Florence patent fire-escape. The house is lighted throughout with electricity, and in addition to steam radiators, has several large fireplaces for rainy nights,

INGLEHART & HADCOCK, Proprietors.

Hotel Westminster.

Beautifully located near the international boundary line opposite Alexandria Bay. Nearly every room affords a fine river view, spacious verandas. The house is fully equipped with all modern appliances, electric bells, telegraph office, U. S. post-office, and bathing facilities. Fine orchestra. Rates lower than any first-class hotel on the river. Ferry from Alexandria Bay. Send for pamphlet.

See Central Park advertisement upon another page.

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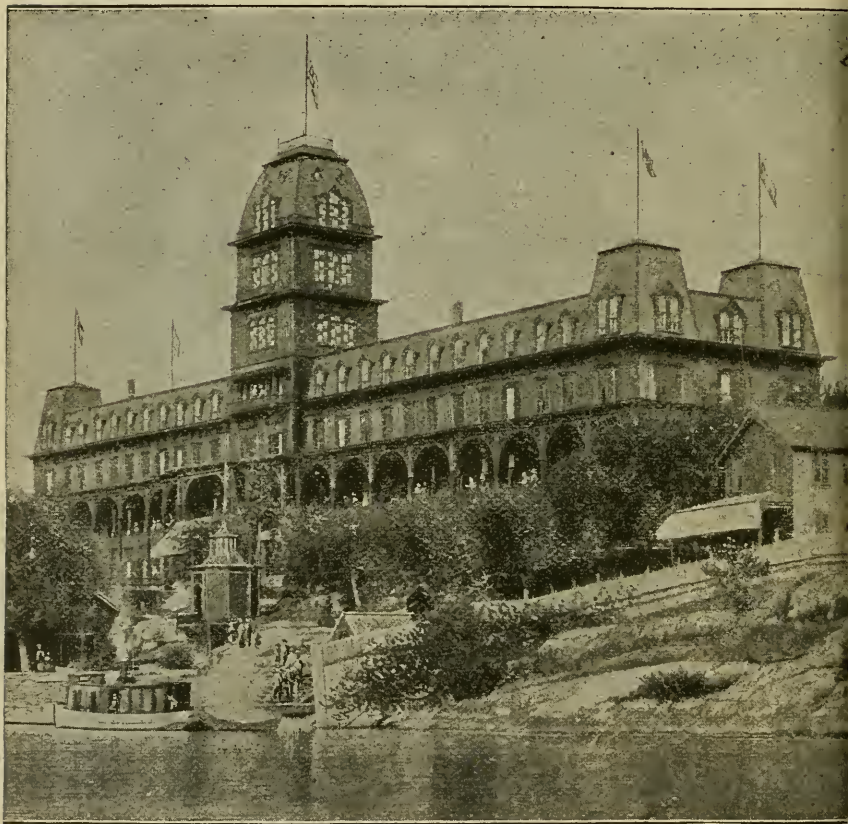
Thousand Island House.



ALEXANDRIA BAY, JEFFERSON CO., N. Y.

J. B. WISTAR, Proprietor.

(Formerly of the Hotel Brunswick, N. Y.)



THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA BAY.

THIS famous hotel is the property of the **Thousand Island Hotel Co.**, of which Mr. J. E. JANVERIN is president, and is equipped and conducted in the most complete and elegant manner.

It is the great central point of travel to the Thousand Islands. See special pamphlet issued by the proprietor.

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